

SUCCESS ISSUE

NATIONAL

DEC. 1979

\$1.50

LAMPOON

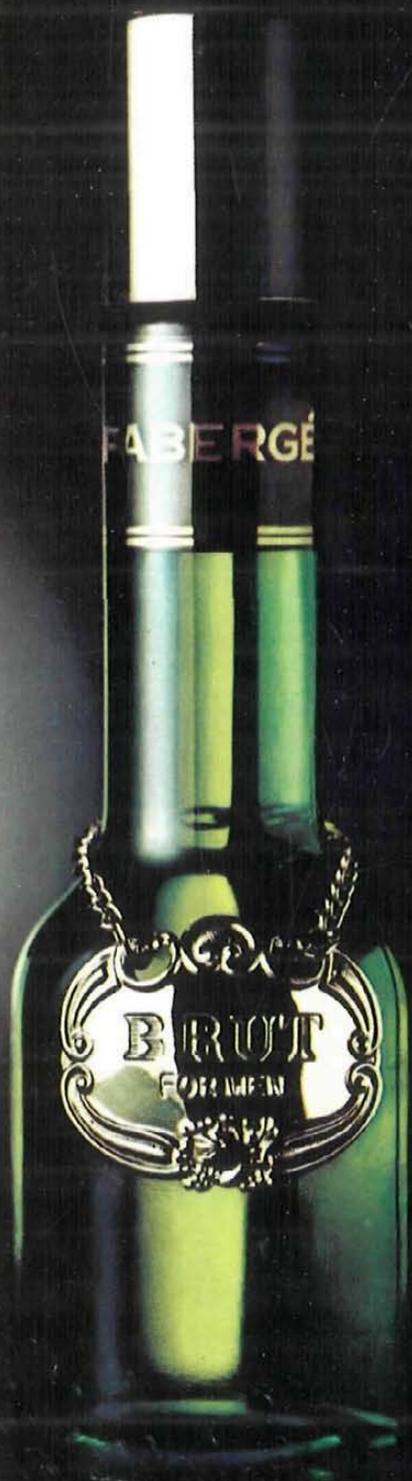
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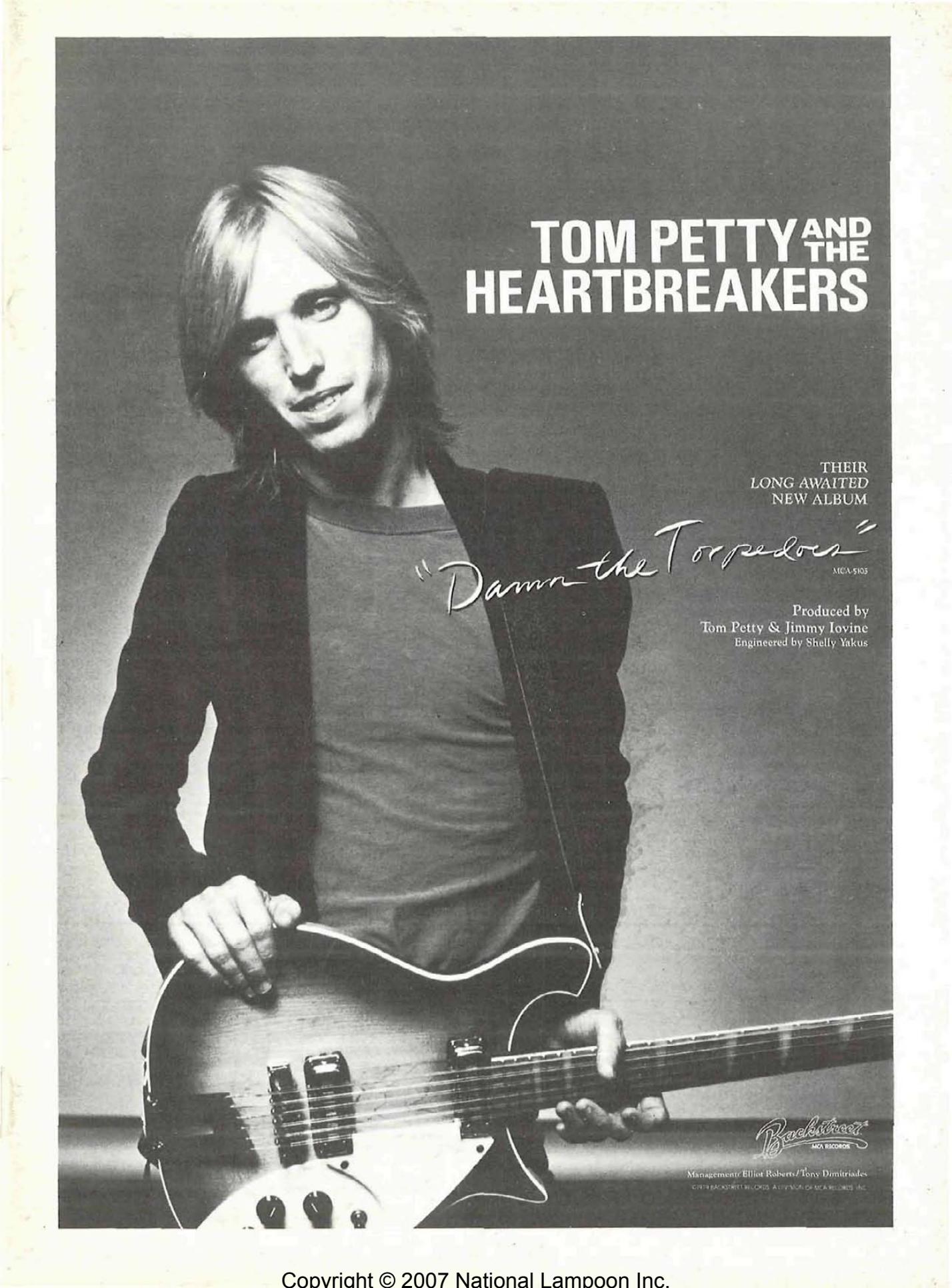
-AM-



Today's your Brut Day.



Brut® for men by Fabergé. After shave, after shower, after anything.* From \$7.50 to \$100.

A black and white photograph of Tom Petty, the lead singer of The Heartbreakers. He is shown from the waist up, wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored t-shirt. He has long, straight hair and is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a subtle smile. He is holding a semi-hollow body electric guitar, with his left hand on the neck and his right hand near the bridge. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS

THEIR
LONG AWAITED
NEW ALBUM

"Damn the Torpedoes"

MCA-5103

Produced by
Tom Petty & Jimmy Iovine
Engineered by Shelly Yakus

Backstreet
MCA RECORDS

Management: Elliot Roberts / Tony Dimitriadis
©1978 BACKSTREET RECORDS, A DIVISION OF MCA RECORDS, INC.

Some men
have it.



Classic **English Leather®**. The fresh, clean, masculine scent a woman loves her man to wear... or nothing at all. **Wind Drift®**. A clear, crisp call to adventure... refreshing as the wind from the sea. **Timberline®**. Brisk and woody, exhilarating as the great outdoors. In After Shave, Cologne, Gift Sets, and men's grooming gear. At fine toiletry counters.

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Northvale, New Jersey 07647 © 1978
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NATIONAL
LAMPOON



S T A F F

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The Unknown Comic comes out for The Unknown Stereo.

"You know, buying a stereo for your home is a serious business. Which is why Pioneer chose me to tell you about their Centrex® line.

See, I've found a unique way to pick the perfect stereo.

I call it listening.

This Christmas, then, if you go out shopping for a stereo, you'd do well to wear a bag over your head.

Because if you will just trust your ears, they'll tell you better than some prominent celebrity such as myself what you need to know: Centrex sounds superb.

Once your ears have shown

you that, then it's o.k. to take a look. Then you can allow yourself to be seduced by Centrex's extremely handsome appearance.

And let your head be turned

by all the Centrex convenience features. The Loaded Deck.™ Song Finder.™ Auto Rewind.

Dolby.™ The professional-style stereo turntable. And the extraordinarily sensitive AM/FM receiver with 22 watts per channel. (Both channels driven into 8 ohms over a frequency range of 40 to 20,000 Hz with no more than 0.7% THD).

If you still want more to go on, let me just remind you that Centrex comes from Pioneer. A company that's celebrated for the quality of its audio products. And its taste in comedians.

But don't just listen to me. Listen to Centrex. You'll hear everything you need to know."

*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.



To find your nearest Centrex dealer, call toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois: (800) 322-4400. ©1979 Pioneer Electronics of America, 1925 E. Dominguez Street, Long Beach, CA 90810.

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MORE
SELF-HELP

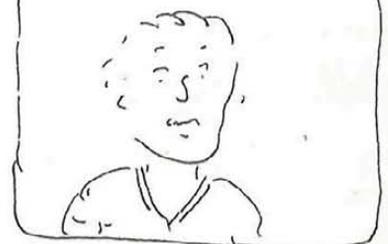
Been feeling out of sorts? Insecure?



All you have to do is think: "I'm tops."



"I'm pretty tops, yessirree Bob."



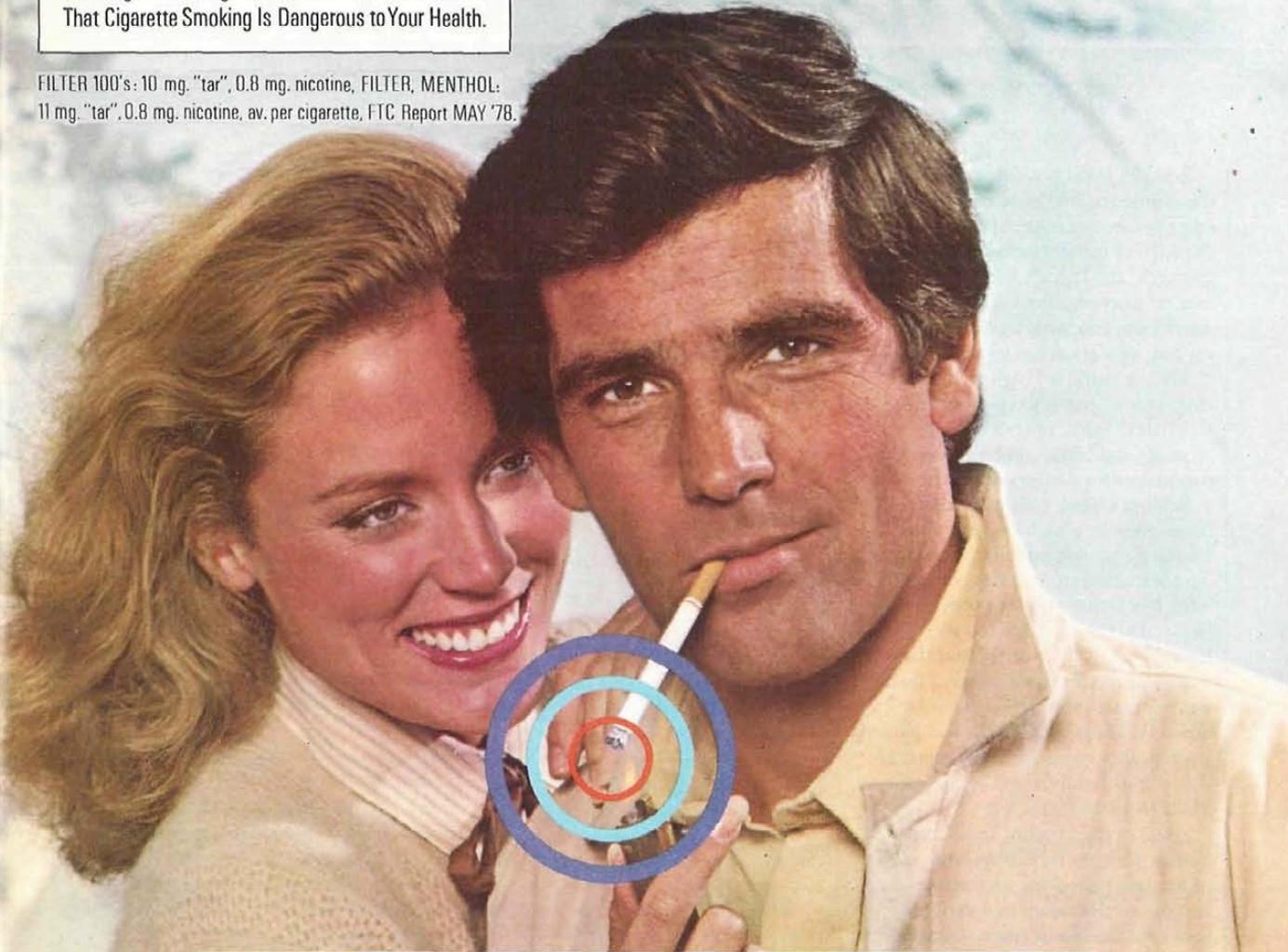
"Tops is the word, all right!"



P. Chast

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL.
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.



The Vantage Point

Where great taste and low tar meet.



Great taste once belonged only to high tar cigarettes. Not any more. The secret? The specially designed Vantage filter works together with our rich 'Flavor Impact'™ tobacco blend to deliver satisfying flavor in every puff. That's Vantage. Low tar with a uniquely satisfying taste. And that's the point.

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's

EDITORIAL

Frankly, I was not surprised when the editor in chief gave me the nod to edit the Success issue. My knowledge of the subject comes firsthand. Nothing succeeds, the French say in their famous proverb, like success. Well, I won't bore you with an overview of my life; let's get down to the details.

My last name is Hughes. In Welsh that means "one who is stronger than all others." John, of course, means "son of God". The combination of the two makes for a meaty moniker.

Seldom a week goes by without a bank teller or a highway patrolman asking if I am related to Howard Hughes. To their absolute surprise, I answer, "Yes. My father and Howard, Sr., Howard's dad, were first cousins. I have the ingenuity, the stealth, and the energy of my famous relative. I do not worry about infection as he did, however. My great strength and glowing good health come from my mother's side of the family, the Rocknes of Voss, Norway.

Some of the Hughes Tool Company money made its way into our branch of the family, and my ancestors built empires of their own in a variety of fields. At the age of seven, I was worth somewhere in the neighborhood of 1.3 million. I tasted the moola early and I liked it.

I graduated from high school, racking up grades good enough to tell Harvard to take a flying — I attended the learning institution of my dreams, the University of Arizona.

I excelled at the U. of A., finishing what I considered to be an entire college education in just under two and a half years. In addition to tearing up the lecture halls and ravishing the library stacks, I carried the antiwar banner and advanced neurochemical research with my experiments with lysergic acid diethylamide, mescal buttons, and cannabis sativa. I also operated a successful Mexican import business with outlets in Chicago, Denver, and New York.

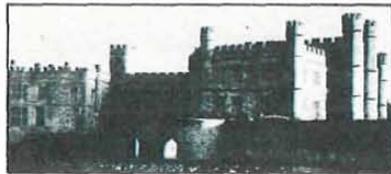
In 1971 I returned to my home in the swank Chicago suburb of Northbrook — there I married the former Nancy Ludwig, grandniece of the preeminent American shipping



The author's equally successful third cousin.



The author's next prize?



The author's ancestral home.

billionaire Daniel K. Ludwig. The scope of our wedding shocked the midwestern society world and sent many an heiress home in tears thinking her wedding cheap and small.

Taking time out from the joy of marriage, I began to pursue what had been a hobby for many years — painting. Only, it was to become far more than a hobby.

My painting was improved with every brush stroke. The comparisons being made were between me and Miro, Dubuffet, Cézanne, and Leonardo da Vinci. A Chicago collector took an interest in my work and arranged for my paintings and unique melted-dinnerware sculptures to be viewed by a principal at the Chicago Art Institute for future purchase and display. On the eve of that important meeting, fate once again shuffled my cards and dealt me a new hand.

In a few short months I was one of the hottest free-lance gag writers in the nation. Rip Taylor, Henny Youngman, Rodney Dangerfield, Joan Rivers, Phyllis Diller: they all depended on me to make them funny. Rodney Dangerfield often called me at my parents' winter home, where my wife and I maintained a grotto apartment, to tell

me that without my jokes he'd just be Jack Roy, Long Island paint salesman. That may or may not be the case, but nonetheless it buoyed me and prepared me for what was to happen next.

The phone rang one afternoon in 1972, shaking me out of a Coleridge-like trance in which I was composing a marvelous and witty series of spendthrift-wife jokes for Rodney.

"Hello, John Hughes?" I recall the conversation began.

"Yes."

"This is J. Walter Thompson. I own the biggest ad agency in the world, and I'd like you to come and help us out."

"I'll think about it," I said.

To make a long story short, I finally decided not to go to J. Walter Thompson — I didn't like the ambience of their offices, so I went to Needham, Harper, and Steers, the folks who did McDonald's.

To make another long story short, I was something this side of whammo deluxe. I was knocking off Spaghetti-O commercials and Parkay Margarine coupon ads like deer in a petting zoo. My work on the McDonaldland set is legendary. The actor who plays Ronald McDonald told me that in all his years as a professional clown he'd never seen anyone so clearly marked for stardom. That was quite a compliment, and I appreciated it.

What was next for me? A move up the street to the biggest shop in town and the fourth largest agency in the universe. As I stood before the skyscraper that housed that mammoth ad agency and felt the chill of a lingering winter on my sporty new moustache, I knew what I had to accomplish, and I knew I didn't have much time.

It was beginning to look like I might be the first man under the age of thirty to sit on the board of that giant company. I was being groomed for the top. I was given more money, more benefits, more secretaries, more insurance, more praise.

Finally I put my foot down. I recall a meeting with our chairman when I said no to the addition of my name to the company title.

"Leo Burnett and John Hughes

continued on page 14

Sensational.



That's Angels Flight™. Great fitting separates in a blend of Dacron® polyester that look like twice the price. Very impressive. To put your best look forward, get into



STYLED BY TOBIAZ

Leading the way in fashion.

DUPONT
Dacron
POLYESTER

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*Dupont registered trademark

Suggested retail prices,
Pant \$23.00, Vest \$22.00,
Jacket \$57.50. At fine
stores everywhere.

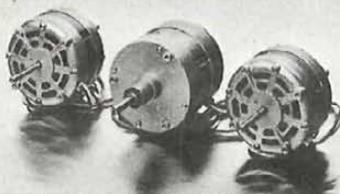
Pioneer's new RT-707 has a lot more in common with today's most sophisticated 10-inch tape decks than it does with most 7-inch tape decks.

Because unlike other 7-inch tape decks, the RT-707 isn't filled with 15 year old ideas.

**THE MOST ACCURATE
DRIVE SYSTEM:
DIRECT-DRIVE.**

Instead of the old fashioned belt-drive system, the RT-707 is driven by a far more accurate and efficient AC

Servo direct-drive capstan motor. This motor generates its own frequency to monitor and help correct even the slightest variation in tape speed. Which all but eliminates wow and flutter.



The extraordinary direct-drive system.

In addition, the drive system of the RT-707 is unaffected by fluctuations in line voltage and won't deteriorate with age like belt-drive. And because it doesn't generate heat like the belt-driven "dinosaurs" it doesn't need a fan. So all you'll hear is music with a clarity and crispness not possible on any 7-inch, or many 10-inch tape decks.

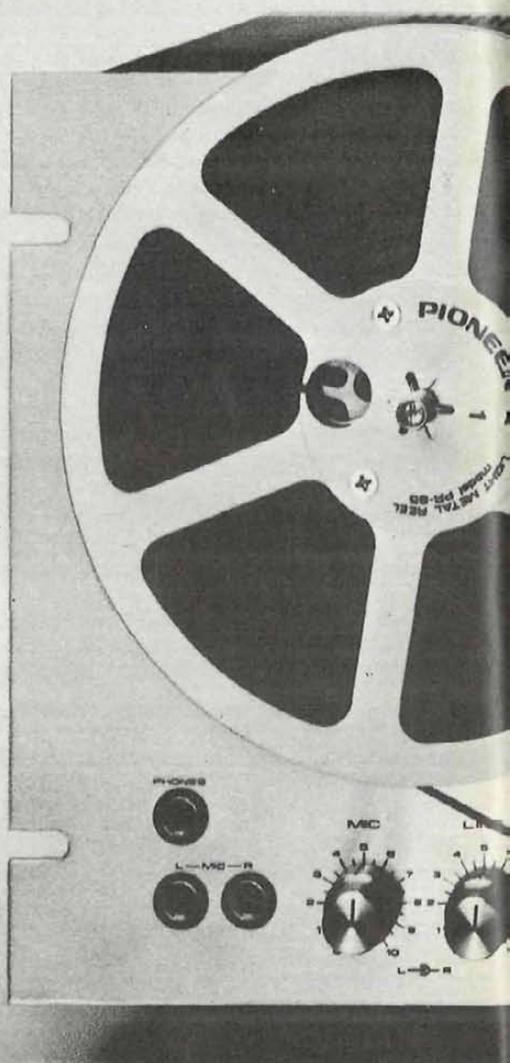
Our direct-drive system also makes pitch control possible. Which allows you to regulate the speed of the tape, giving you even greater control over your recordings.

**BEYOND THE RANGE
OF MOST 7-INCH TAPE DECKS.**

In the past, the most you'd expect from any 7-inch tape deck in terms of frequency response was respectability. But with technology like this it's not surprising that Pioneer's engineers have gone far beyond that.

Our super-sensitive heads, for instance, will pick up and

**THE ONLY THING
IT HAS
IN COMMON
WITH OTHER
7-INCH
TAPE DECKS
IS THE SIZE
OF ITS REELS.**



deliver frequencies from 20 to 28,000 Hertz. And our pre-amp section is built to handle 30 decibels more than any other 7-inch tape deck without distorting. So you can capture all the depth and presence of each and every instrument.

But great sound isn't everything.

A WHOLE NEW WAY OF LOOKING AT TAPE DECKS.

As you can see, the RT-707 is smaller and more compact than other tape decks. It's also rack-mountable. But unlike any other tape deck, it's stackable. So it'll fit right in with the rest of your components.

AUTO-REVERSE AND OTHER EXTRAS.

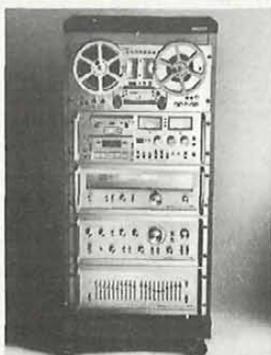
While many tape decks have auto-reverse, chances are you won't find it on other comparably priced equipment. Or a repeat button that lets you listen to your tapes endlessly. Or circuitry that allows you to

hook the RT-707 up to a timer, so you can make recordings even when you can't be there to supervise them.

But frankly, all the revolutionary thinking that went into the RT-707 wouldn't mean much if it weren't also built to fit comfortably into your budget. It is.

See your Pioneer dealer for a closer look at this extraordinary 7-inch tape deck.

We think you'll find the only things that the RT-707 has in common with other 7-inch tape decks is the size of the reels. And the size of the price.



Unlike others, the RT-707 can be stacked or rack-mounted.

High Fidelity Components
PIONEER
 WE BRING IT BACK ALIVE.

©1977 U.S. Pioneer Electronics, 85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074

FREQUENCY RESPONSE: @ 7½ ips 20-28,000 Hz* (30-24,000 Hz ± 3 dB).

WOW AND FLUTTER: @ 7½ ips 0.05 (WRMS)

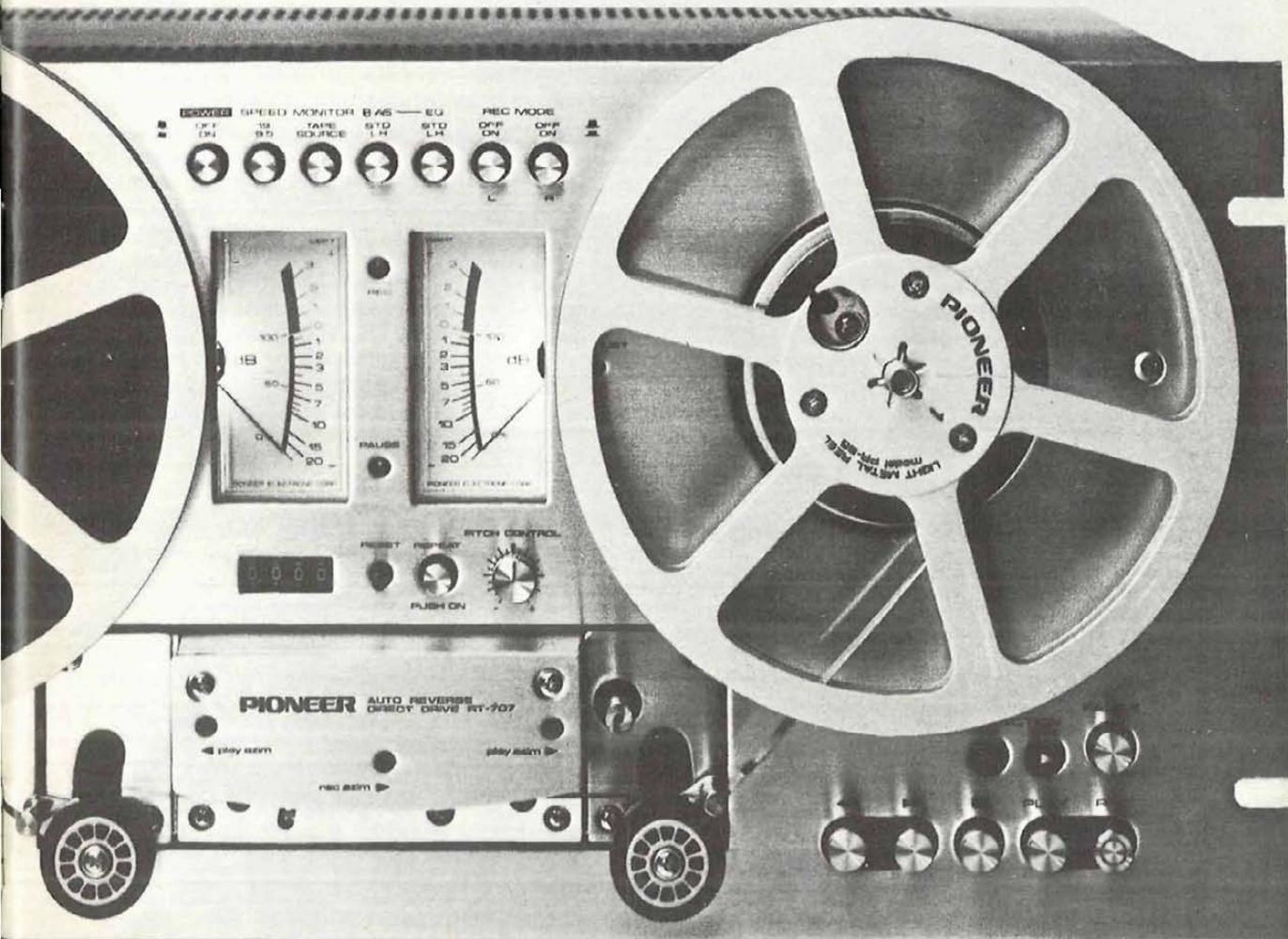
SIGNAL-TO-NOISE RATIO: More than 58 dB.

HARMONIC DISTORTION: No more than 1.0%.

SPEEDS: Tape 7½ ips (19 cm/sec.) 3½ ips (9.5 cm/sec.) ± 0.05%.

MOTORS: FC AC Servo direct-drive motor x 1 (capstan drive), 6-pole inner-rotor special induction motor x 2 (reel drive).

REFERENCE TAPE: Scotch #206.



THE RT 707.



*Merry Christmas
from all of us at
Jack Daniels*

Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.,
Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352



Sirs:
Deck the bowels with boughs of holly
Fa-la-la-la-la la-la la la
'Tis the season to be jolly
Fa-la-la-la-la la-la la la
Don we now our gay apparel
Fa-la-la fa-la-la la-la la la
Suck the ancient pink meat barrel!
Fa-la-la-la-la la-la la la

Ty and Wayne
Gay Santas Activist Alliance
Boston, Mass.

Sirs:
I am *the* fashionable new vegetable. I am *not* related to the *unfortunate* "Brussels" sprout (which happens to share my nationality), nor am I kin—except in the most distant chlorophyll line—to the "lettuce." May I also make it clear that if you think the avocado and the eggplant are still the "latest" in the saladiferous sphere—especially after *Good Housekeeping* (!) has devoted a section to them—then you, my friend, are sadly up tacky creek without a Cuisinart.

Belgian Endive, Esq.
Some of the Better Salad Bowls

Sirs:
Just thought you'd like to gknow we're having a gnauto-graph party for our latest gnbook. Gnactually, we don't gknow why gnanybody would want to look at pictures of gnugly little fucks like us, but we're gnlaughing all the way back to Zurich.

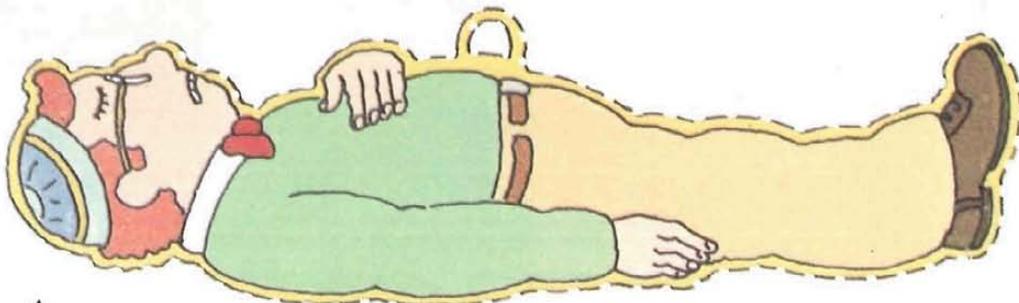
Gnomes
Bookstores,
Everywhere

Sirs:
I am a gay, black, Jewish, nonsmoking female civil servant with a law degree, and if you don't think I have it made, you're nuts.

Eva McKinley-Roth
New York, NY

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS-TREE ORNAMENTS

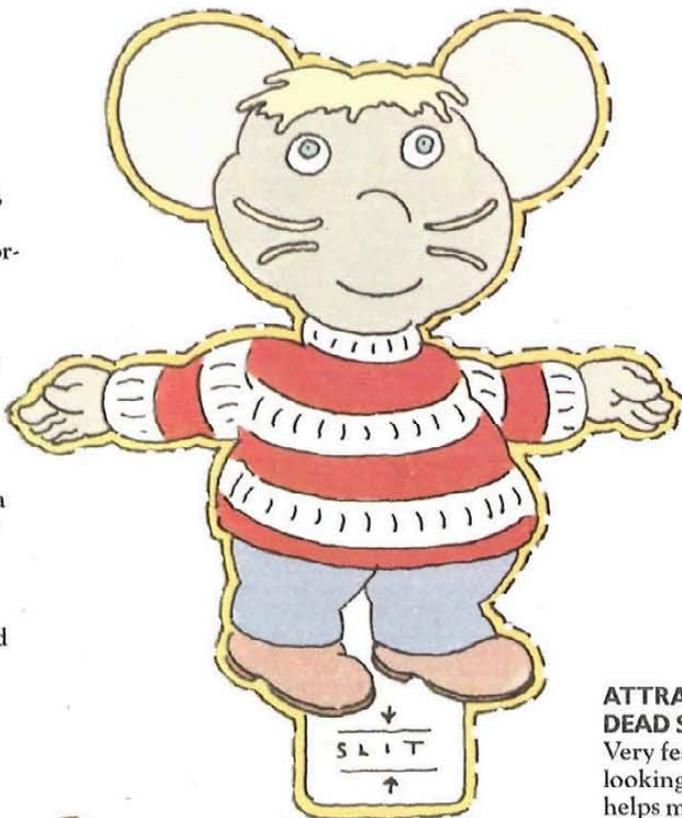
FOR YOU TO CUT OUT AND HANG FROM YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE. PASS THEM FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION AND SOON! THEY WILL BE PRECIOUS HEIRLOOMS.



▲ DEAD JEWISH GUY After all, Christmas trees are a German tradition, and Jesus was Jewish, and He *did* die, or otherwise we wouldn't be doing all this. Right?

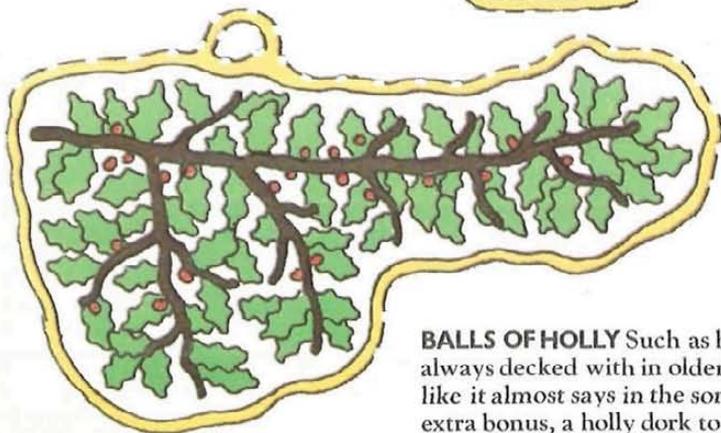
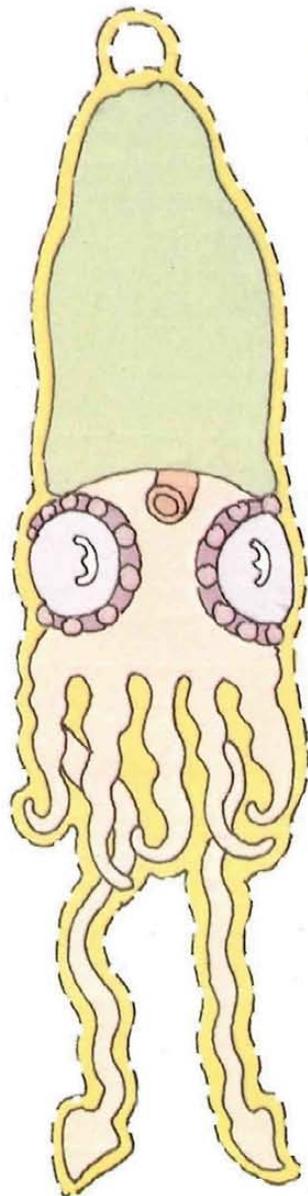
A STAR ▶

To go on the top of your tree. Yes, it's Topo Gigio, the adorable mouse! Okay, okay, he's not a really *big* star. But he *did* used to be on the Sullivan show a lot. And besides, a really big star would be too heavy. Tony Perkins, for instance—he'd pull the tree right over.



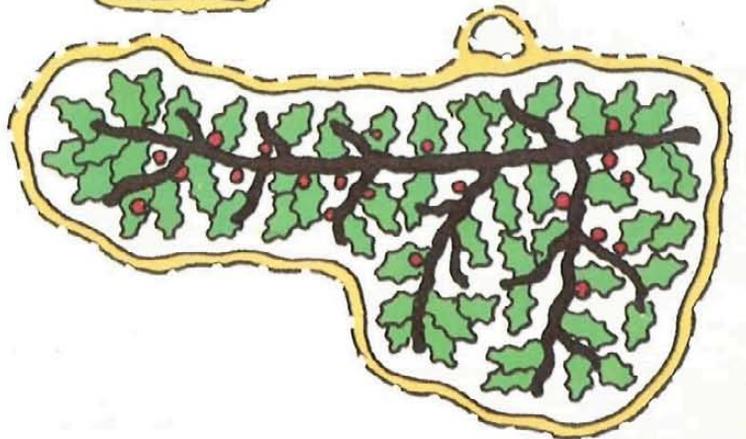
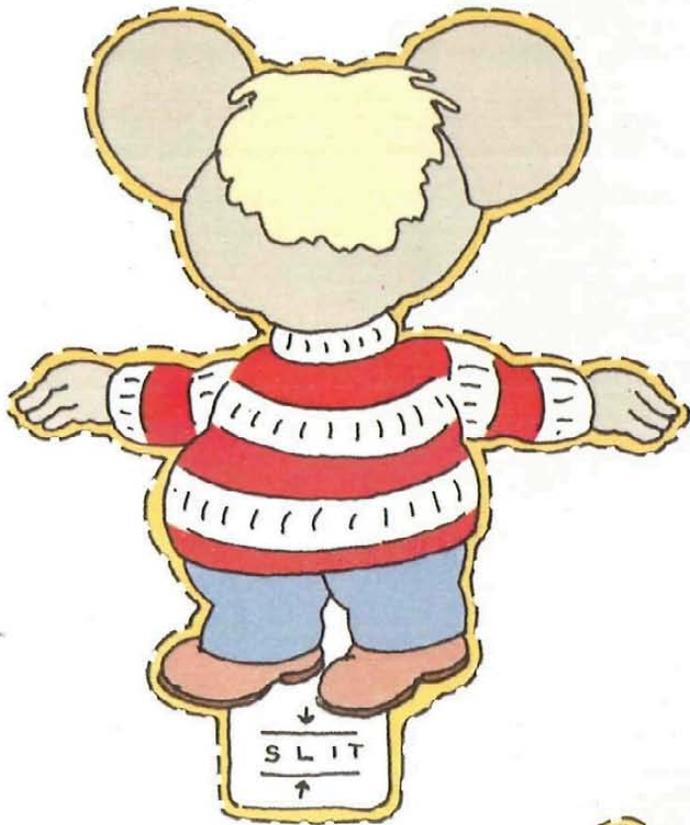
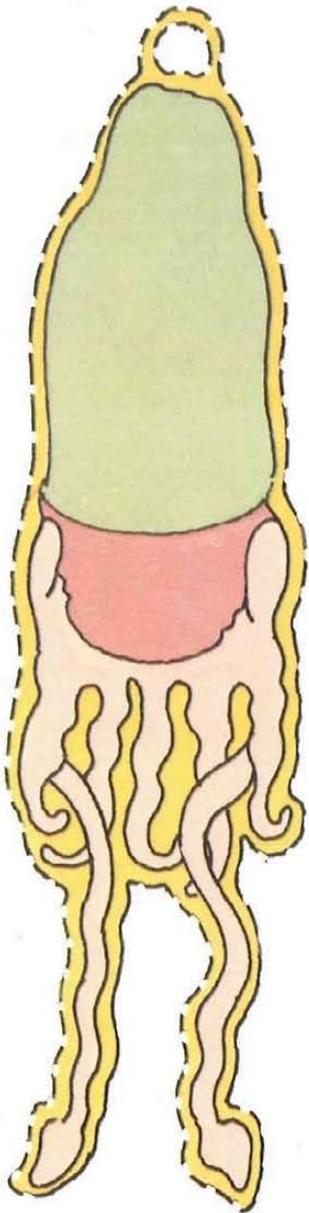
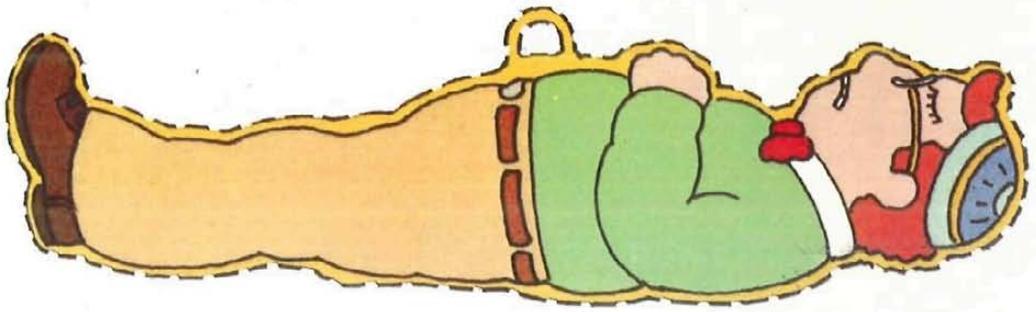
ATTRACTIVE DEAD SQUID ▶

Very festive looking, and it helps mask that overpowering evergreen odor.

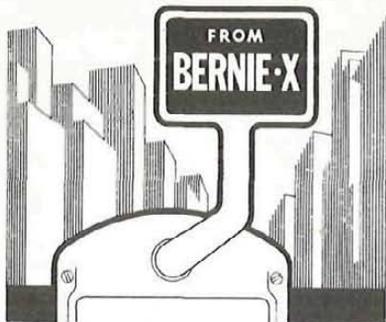


BALLS OF HOLLY Such as halls were always decked with in olden times, just like it almost says in the song. Plus, as an extra bonus, a holly dork to go with them.

CAREFUL: Do not let these or any other tree ornaments come in contact with hot Christmas-tree lights, and don't let children or pets eat them or the tinsel, and be sure to turn your tree lights off before leaving home or going to bed or even going down to the basement, and dispose of your tree thoughtfully, don't just dump it in the street.



TIPS AND TALES



MY METER IS RUNNING

...as told to Gerald Sussman

Editor's note: Our story so far: Bernie has recovered from his near-fatal auto accident and is having a hard time finding work. He becomes bored and depressed, killing time at the racetrack or watching TV. Then one day a friend calls—a truck driver who has caught hepatitis and can't make a contracted delivery. He asks Bernie to do it for him, to transport a load of Spanish espadrilles from New York to Los Angeles. The job is a good chance for Bernie to earn some money and get back into circulation, and he accepts it.

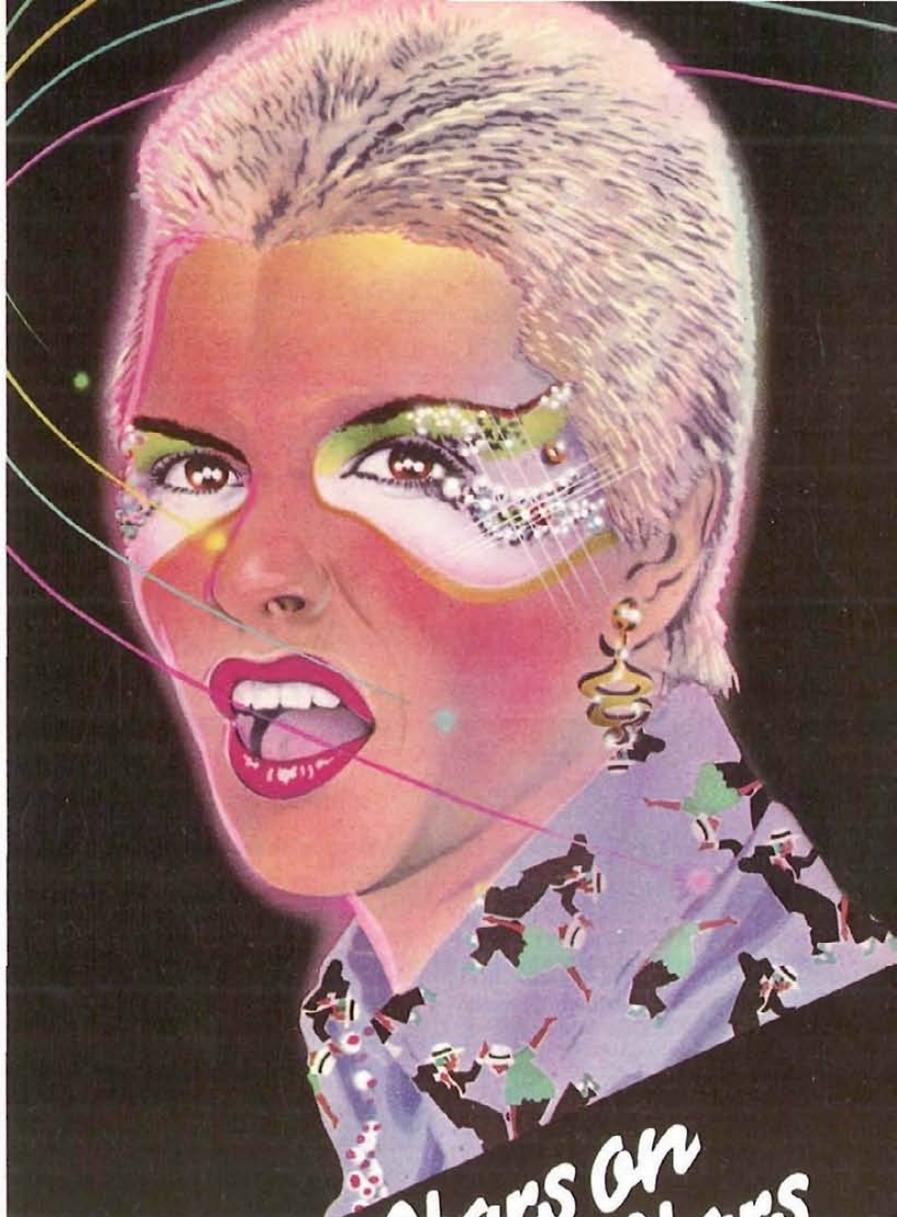
On the first leg of the cross-country trip, Bernie makes a short detour to a little town near Nashville to look up a girl, a girl he nearly fell in love with when she was a mere twelve-year-old runaway in New York. He finds her and they are reunited as if the ten years they were apart had never happened. The girl, Tammy Lou Williams, claims she was always in love with Bernie and was just waiting for him to show up someday.

Bernie and Tammy make passionate love all day. While they are snuggling in bed, Tammy's husband, Duane, comes home. Tammy had neglected to tell Bernie that she was married. As we continue our story, Bernie is trapped in the bedroom, and Duane is walking through the house, calling for Tammy.

I'm standing there naked. My pecker is so worn out, it looks like it's been through World War II. The bed is all wet and sticky, and the room smells like a can of anchovies. Thank God the bedroom was way in the back of the house. It gave me at least nine more seconds to figure out what the fuck to do.

Duane is getting closer, yelling for Tammy. I try to open the window and jump out, but the fucking thing is jammed. The back door is in the

continued on page 81



Tape the Stars on the Tape of the Stars

You've got to win the nightlife crowd to make a Disco hit. That's why Alicia Bridges' hit Master™ recording tape. In fact, more stars originally record on Ampex tape than on all others combined.

Now there's a home version of Grand Master. So you can get the same star quality at home

that stars like Alicia insist on in the studio. You'll get the incredible signal-to-noise ratio and low distortion that the top stars get. And whether you choose normal or high bias cassette, you'll be recording on the one component that never needs upgrading. Ampex Grand Master tape.

Ampex
Grand Master
The Tape of the Stars



A gift for the person who has everything—including a videocassette recorder.



Give your favorite VCR owner a gift membership in THE TIME LIFE VIDEO CLUB and you'll be giving access to the finest, most comprehensive library of videocassette programs ever assembled.

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Perhaps the cleverest gift you can give for the 1980's.

EDITORIAL

continued from page 6

Company? It doesn't sound right," I said.

"John, what can we give you? What can we do?" the chairman said in a quivering, frightened tone. "How can we keep you?"

I wish I knew, Jack, I wish I knew. How do you keep a guy who's been in *Newsweek*? How do you keep a guy who makes a nation laugh and look inward?

He knew it was over. I was ad history now. We shook hands, as friends, and as I walked out of his office he said, "You know, you're going to make Chicago forget all about Studs Terkel."

"And Cheap Trick," I added.

My next stop, of course, was this august publication. In no time I moved my name up the masthead like a monkey up a pole. Then came the boys at ABC. I gave them four scripts that were hailed by TV critics as "living proof that the golden age of TV comedy is just beginning." Unfortunately, I had to say good-bye to television. Hollywood was on hold and it was time to take their call.

I could go on and on, but my purpose in writing this editorial was not to grocery list my accomplishments and successes but simply to provide a brief explanation of why I was chosen to edit the issue and to let each and every one of you know that the reward for hard work, perseverance, and a well-connected family is success.

"Think success," I often tell the young scribes who come to me for advice, "and you will know success." Good luck to you all.

J.H.

Let me apologize for my husband. He said he was going upstairs to write some Christmas jokes, and I find out he's been up there all this time tooting his horn and bragging shamelessly. I'm so embarrassed.

Let me straighten out a few of the details for you. John did actually do all those things. Not quite as dramatically as he would have you believe. He is related to Howard Hughes, but the only thing he shares with him is his social life. I'm not a shipping heiress. My maiden name was Ludwig, but it's the concrete and crushed gravel Ludwig, not the shipping Ludwig. As for the University of Arizona, that was the only school he could get into. His antiwar activities consisted of repeated attempts to burn down a brick administration building. He was a hopeless drug bum who was always giggling and

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eating Oreos and making you sit through *Electric Ladyland* until you wanted to scream. Drug experiments, sure. Every time he took acid he freaked out and I had to scrape the "Bayer" off an aspirin and tell him it was Thorazine.

He didn't learn anything at college. He never went to class. His big collegiate accomplishment was being the first guy in Arizona to pull all the "Paul is dead" clues together. He left as soon as he pulled a high draft-lottery number.

His painting was horrible. I refused to allow any of it on any wall in the depressing little basement apartment we lived in. The Chicago collector he refers to was a sixty-year-old queer who collected paintings of dogs and driftwood sculpture.

He did write gags, and Rodney Dangerfield did call, and he did work for all those people, except Rip Taylor and Henny Youngman never paid him.

He thinks you're dumb enough to believe that J. Walter Thompson actually called him up. First of all, Mr. Thompson is dead, and second of all, they never even offered him a job. He did work at Leo Burnett, but he always complained about it. His big advertising accomplishment was that ridiculous commercial where the guy rubs a credit card all over his face. You know how many times he made me watch that? If I never pick him up at the train again in my life, I'll have earned my wedding band for enduring his ad career.

Did you notice how he didn't mention the name of the TV show he wrote for? It was not "M*A*S*H" or "All in the Family." As for the movies and Hollywood, he has been out to California a lot, but he's also spent a lot of time buying cassettes at Tower Records, so we'll have to see about that.

All in all, I guess he's a pretty good husband and a real good father. He's a whiz with a table saw, and he makes enough money to buy T-bills, or whatever they are. But don't ever let him go on about being some big-deal success or any of that, and don't dare give him a Heineken's and ask him what he does. If you're ever with him and he starts to run off at the mouth, do what I do when he gets a big check in the mail from some movie studio: ask him what physical act he has a real hard time doing during magazine deadline week. Here's a hint, it's not writing the editorial. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from me and the kids and old Mr. Narcissus.

N.H.

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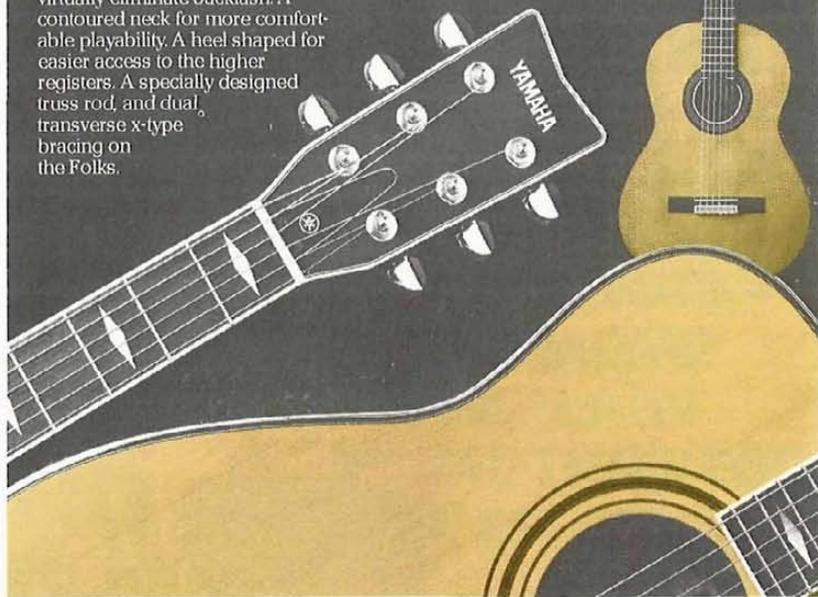
You demanded only the world's best woods, like solid spruce for the tops. You asked for details like machine heads that virtually eliminate backlash. A contoured neck for more comfortable playability. A heel shaped for easier access to the higher registers. A specially designed truss rod, and dual, transverse x-type bracing on the Folks.

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See your nearest Mitsubishi dealer and point to, poke at and above all, listen to our exciting new line of car audio products.

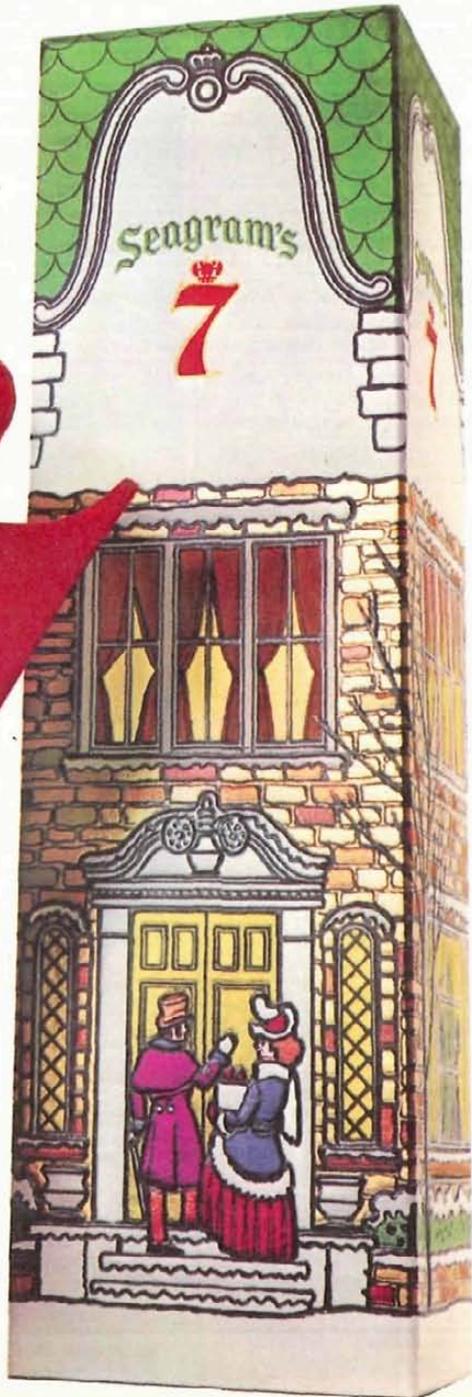


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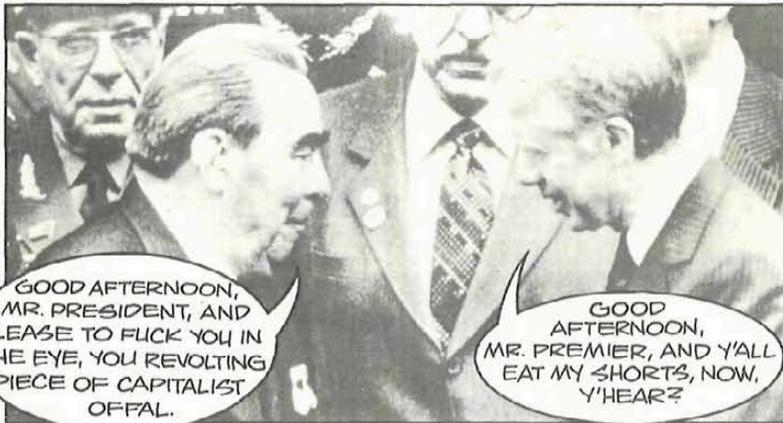


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NEWS ON THE MARCH

Conferences Boom After
Third-World Confab

ALIGNED, MALIGNED, BLIND NATIONS MEET



GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. PRESIDENT, AND PLEASE TO FUCK YOU IN THE EYE, YOU REVOLTING PIECE OF CAPITALIST OFFAL.

GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. PREMIER, AND Y'ALL EAT MY SHORTS, NOW, Y'HEAR?

Inspired by the example of the Conference of Non-Aligned Nations, held in Cuba recently, other countries have arranged conferences to explore common problems.

One, the Conference of Aligned Nations, brought together all those countries neglected by the Cuban convocation, including the US, Russia, China, the NATO countries, and other major powers. Officials were pleased by the frank and uninhibited exchange of opinion, argument, and vilification on the part of all present, and they look forward to an even franker exchange of views, positions, and tactical weapons in the future.

Smaller in scope, the Conference of

Much Maligned Nations was held in Warsaw, Poland. Attending were delegations from Mexico, Uganda, Australia, and other countries commonly held up to international ridicule, scorn, and derision. The meeting proved short-lived, as each nation refused to be seen in public with representatives of the others.

More successful was the Conference of Blind Drunk Nations. Representatives from Ireland, Iceland, Sweden, Bermuda, and other inebriation-prone countries met for a week of drinking, singing, and exchanging cocktail recipes. All expressed a desire to reconvene as soon as the Central Meeting Auditorium was cleaned up and new bags of ice could be obtained.

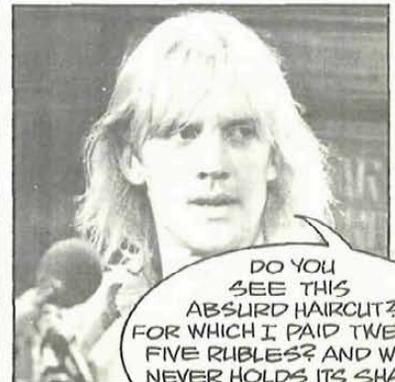
Tell of "Appalling"
Conditions

GODUNOV, KOZLOVS EXPLAIN MOTIVES FOR DEFECTION

Russian ballet stars Aleksandr Godunov and Valentina and Leonid Kozlov, who recently defected to the US while on tour with the Bolshoi, explained their reasons for forsaking their homeland in a recent press conference.

"Conditions in Russia for ballet dancers are unspeakable," Godunov said. "There are only two discos in Moscow, and they both close at one in the morning. A good snappy three-piece suit is almost unobtainable. There are no radios in either of the limousines. And the woman who writes the gossip column for Pravda can never remember anyone's name.

"And that is not all. There are no contemptible but attractive European jet-set women to go sleeping with. There is no Dick Cavett equivalent to ask fawning pointless interview questions. And in all of Russia it is impossible to have one's likeness placed on a T-shirt."



DO YOU SEE THIS ABSURD HAIRCUT? FOR WHICH I PAID TWENTY-FIVE RUBLES? AND WHICH NEVER HOLDS ITS SHAPE? THAT IS WHY I DEFECTED.

Carter Flashes Moon...

Landrieu Appointed Head of HUD



CONGRATULATIONS, MOON. I KNOW YOU'LL DO A REAL FINE JOB.

THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT.

Discord Mars Opening Parliament of Europe Convenes

The newly formed Parliament of Europe held its opening ceremonies recently amid expressions of optimism that the body would find solutions to a number of problems that have plagued its member nations for years.

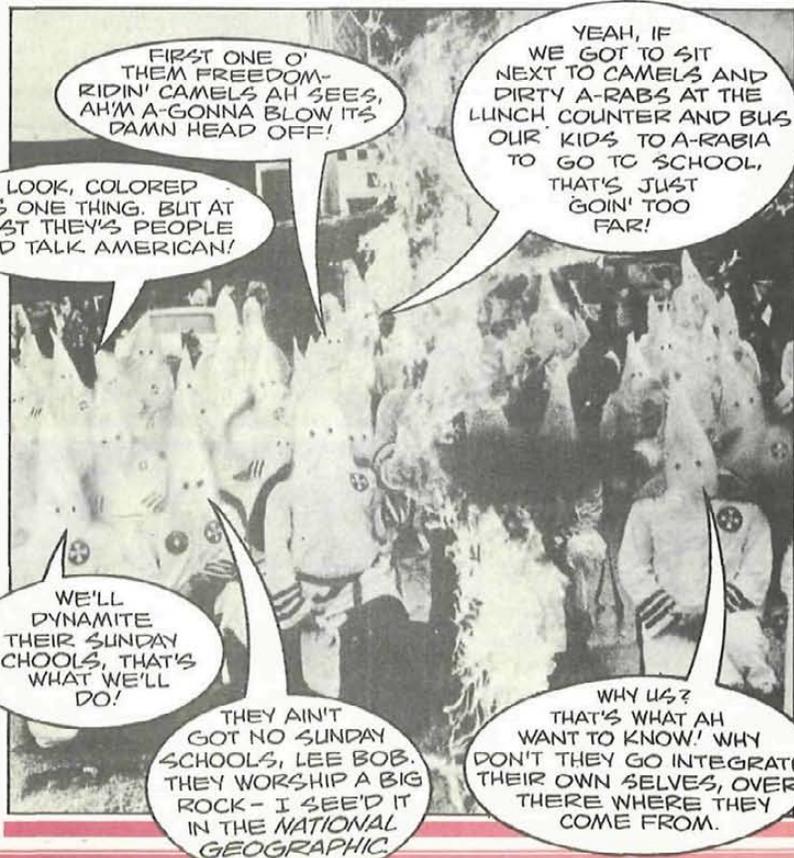
Disagreement flared immediately, however, when the delegates were unable to agree on whether to serve Camembert, Gouda, or Swiss cheese at the parliamentary commissary, whether to mandate driving on the left or the right side of the parliamentary driveway, and whether Italian opera, French jazz, or West German avant-garde rock music should be played over telephones when a caller is put on hold.

Once these issues are settled, it is expected that the parliament will address itself to such topics as economic unity in Europe, the practicality of a global language, and whether or not to "take Spain seriously."



S'IL VOUS BITTE, SIGNORES, I'D JUST LIKE TO READ THIS INTO THE RECORD... IS THE RECORD HERE?

PLO-like Civil Rights Movement? Klan Rankles



FIRST ONE O' THEM FREEDOM-RIDIN' CAMELS AH SEES, AH'M A-GONNA BLOW ITS DAMN HEAD OFF!

LOOK, COLORED WAS ONE THING. BUT AT LEAST THEY'S PEOPLE AND TALK AMERICAN!

YEAH, IF WE GOT TO SIT NEXT TO CAMELS AND DIRTY A-RABS AT THE LUNCH COUNTER AND BUS OUR KIDS TO A-RABIA TO GO TO SCHOOL, THAT'S JUST GOIN' TOO FAR!

WE'LL DYNAMITE THEIR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, THAT'S WHAT WE'LL DO!

THEY AIN'T GOT NO SUNDAY SCHOOLS, LEE BOB. THEY WORSHIP A BIG ROCK - I SEE'D IT IN THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC.

WHY US? THAT'S WHAT AH WANT TO KNOW! WHY DON'T THEY GO INTEGRATE THEIR OWN SELVES, OVER THERE WHERE THEY COME FROM.

Knicks Ink Vegas Stars More Lady Cagers Reach NBA

Following the example set by the Indiana Pacers, who became the first team in the National Basketball Association to sign a woman player (Ann Meyers), the New York Knicks announced recently that they have signed four Las Vegas showgirls and are scouting for more women players. In fact, the team plans to revamp its entire image and approach to the game.

"We're gonna call the team the New York Twats," a front-office spokesman said. "We got these good-lookin' broads—an' I mean some of these girls got a built on them—and we're just gonna pay 'em to run up and down the court with their tits flying out the armpits of their jerseys while the Celtics or the Lakers rack up a hundred sixty, two hundred points. You think people aren't gonna pay money to watch that? Then you don't know basketball."

Iraq Revolt Ends

Government officials and rebels agreed to end violence that erupted in Baghdad and threatened to spread across Iraq when the revolt failed to make headlines in any Western newspaper and received less than half a column of coverage in *Time* magazine. Troops reported seeing no reporters or camera crews in the capital or in outlying regions. "I guess our timing was just wrong," a joint spokesman for the government of Iraq and the antigovernment rebels said. "All we can do now is wait and try again."

First Mother Explains Gaffe Miz Lillian Clarifies Kennedy Remark



BUT I HONESTLY HOPE NOTHING DOES HAPPEN TO HIM, AND THAT IF IT DOES, IT HAPPENS SOON. BUT I HOPE IT DOESN'T. REALLY.

The president's mother, Miz Lillian Carter, held a press conference recently in an effort to quell the furor that resulted when she told reporters that, should Teddy Kennedy run for president, she hoped "nothing happens to him."

"I spoke hastily, and did not convey my entire meaning," she told reporters in a gathering she insisted be nationally televised.

"What I really meant was, I hope if the senator does run for office, that no one finds out that he leaves his home and walks to his office at seven-fifteen every morning, and travels by the same route every day. And that he walks slowly past three multistory buildings with large windows and well-maintained fire escapes leading into alleys with good access from both ends. And I dearly hope and pray that no individual takes it upon himself to shoot the senator with a high-powered automatic rifle equipped with a telescopic sight, because from the vantage point of those buildings—all of which are easy to enter during night and day—a telescopic sight would make such an act the easiest thing in the world. And escape would be simple, too."

Seeks New Tests and Challenges Nyad Eyes Other World Records



LOOK, IT WAS EITHER SWIM FROM BIMINI TO FLORIDA OR WORK IN AN OFFICE TAKING DICTATION FROM SOME JERK.

After becoming the first person to swim from Bimini to Florida, Diana Nyad has revealed her plans to tackle other feats of physical endurance.

"I intend," she told a recently convened press conference, "to become the first human being to crawl from Tierra del Fuego to Pittsburgh on my hands and knees. After that, I will be the first

human being to swim on solid land from Topeka, Kansas, to Chicago. Then I will be the first human being to run around the Washington Monument a thousand times. After that, I'll see. I'm working on a thing involving somersaults and Death Valley, but I'm not certain I'm going to attempt it. I think it might be a little silly."

Frantic Fred Rips Dave Twin Hurricanes Hit Caribbean, US



FREDERICK! STOP IT!

WELL, I'M SORRY! LET THEM TALK ABOUT ME A LITTLE, THEN! I CAN RAIN TOO, YOU KNOW. SEE? SEE?

As the National Weather Service began its new policy of naming hurricanes after men as well as women, two of the bitchiest storms in history flounced up the Gulf Coast and the eastern seaboard of the US, leaving hundreds simply devastated, and doing more damage than you've ever seen in your life. And let me tell you, little love was lost between the two.

"I'm sick of *David* getting all the publicity," whined hurricane Frederick. "I mean, he was first, but what did he actually do? Kill a few thousand *Puerto Ricans* in the Dominican Republic? Really. But he gets all the attention, and it's just not fair. At least I did some real damage in the States. All David did was knock over a deck chair in Fort Lauderdale and a few lawn flamingos. God!"

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**HOO!
HOOOO!
KIDDIES!**



One coupon for a friend/enemy.

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MR. BILL	S	M	L	XL	TOT
BLUE					
BEIGE					
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MR. BILL	S	M	L	XL	TOT
BLUE					
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MR. SLUGGO	S	M	L	XL	TOT
BEIGE					

MR. SLUGGO	S	M	L	XL	TOT
BEIGE					

One T-shirt For \$5.95 plus 55c P & H each.
Two For \$12.00 postpaid.
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Special Fan Club Rate—twelve For \$60.00— We pay post.
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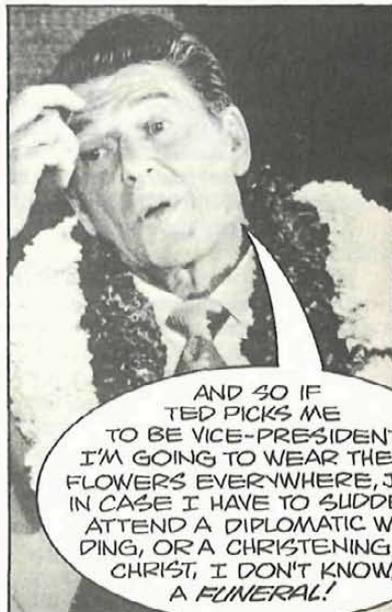
State _____

Everybody Wants to Run with Teddy Pols Vie for Second Spot on Democratic Ticket

Apparently convinced that Senator Edward Kennedy will both seek and secure the Democratic nomination for president in 1980, a number of former presidential contenders have begun actively campaigning for the second spot on the Democratic ticket. Tossing their hats in the vice-presidential ring last week were Jerry Brown, Henry Jackson, Walter Mondale, George McGovern, George Wallace, Harold Stassen, and conservative Republicans John Connally and Ronald Reagan.

"It's true that my politics tend to differ from the senator's," explained ex-California governor Reagan, "but I'm an American first and I'm pushing eighty. I want to serve my country, and fast." Asked if he saw the vice-presidency as a stepping stone to the Oval Office, Reagan conceded, "If the opportunity to succeed Kennedy somehow arose, I would of course be shocked, saddened, dismayed, and honored to accept it."

Reagan's views were echoed by ex-Texas governor Connally. "I'd run with Teddy in a minute," he declared, "although I'm not so sure I'd ride with him, if you know what I mean."



AND SO IF TED PICKS ME TO BE VICE-PRESIDENT, I'M GOING TO WEAR THESE FLOWERS EVERYWHERE, JUST IN CASE I HAVE TO SUDDENLY ATTEND A DIPLOMATIC WEDDING, OR A CHRISTENING, OR, CHRIST, I DON'T KNOW, A FUNERAL!

Cure for Russian

According to the Soviet news agency Tass, scientists in the USSR have developed an effective cure for the Russian language. Sources in the US Food and Drug Administration, however, say that it may be several years before the drug is available in this country.

Five-Year Sleuthing Yields Results CIA Confirms Soviet Troops in Cuba

After five years of painstaking effort, the CIA has recently confirmed the presence of Soviet combat troops in Cuba.

"Our suspicions were aroused five years ago," explained an agency spokesman. "One of our undercover agents reported seeing thousands of blond, blue-eyed, Russian-speaking soldiers buying vodka from a military PX. Since Cubans usually prefer rum, we began to suspect that some of these troops might not be indigenous.

"Then when aerial reconnaissance photos revealed five hundred MIG-25 fighters standing on soccer fields, we knew it could only mean one thing. Since Cubans prefer baseball to soccer, we inferred that Russian soccer players were training Cuban fighter pilots to play baseball. From this it was a short leap to the conclusion that Soviet troops were also on the island, to protect the vodka buyers and the soccer players."

Non-Enemies List Reaches 100s IRA to Top Mountbatten Killing

WHO
ARE THESE
DIRTY MEN WEAR-
ING CAPS?

...AND AFTER
WE GO KILLING HIM,
WE'RE GOING AFTER
ANSEL ADAMS,
BEGORRA.

BEGORRA!
WE'LL BLOW HIS
LENS CAP TO
KINGDOM
COME!

The outlaw Irish Republican Army, which recently took credit for the assassination of Britain's Lord Mountbatten, has announced its intention to "brutally and senselessly slaughter as many famous and well-beloved persons as [it] can. Begorra."

The IRA has published a hit list of those it plans to kill, declaring that "the assassination victims must not only be world famous and well beloved but they must have no connection with the Irish struggle, their deaths must in no way advance our political cause, and their killing should generally disgust the whole world. Only then will Britain be persuaded to leave Ireland forever. Or something."

Noteworthy examples from the list include George Burns, Yogi Berra, Captain Kangaroo, the Dalai Lama, Dr. Seuss, and Santa Claus.



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CORRECT-O-RITER I

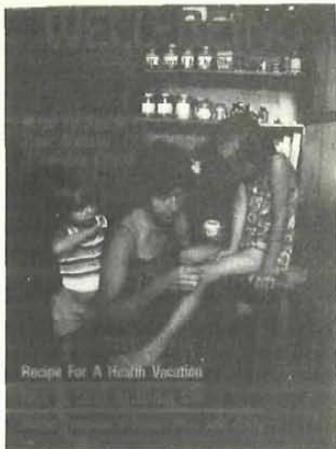
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electric typewriter
that can self-correct.

Complete
with deluxe
molded
carrying
case.

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NEWS BRIEFS



Texan Has Novel Gift Idea

Texas billionaire and twice-acquitted murderer Cullen Davis is joining with Neiman-Marcus, the exclusive Dallas department store, to offer a new Christmas gift for that special someone—a juror.

Duncan Urges Backyard Oil Searching

Energy Secretary Charles W. Duncan, Jr. has asked Americans to "keep an eye out" for new supplies of domestic crude oil. "If we all put an ear to the ground and look in our yards and under our porches, maybe we can come up with some new reserves."

Carter Plans Third Energy-Saving Stump

Following the success of his rail travels and last summer's trip down the Mississippi River on the riverboat *Delta Queen*, aides for Mr. Carter say that the president is planning to tour the Southwest strapped to a mule. The trip will emphasize the president's stand on energy conservation and his willingness to meet face to face with his constituents.

Treasury Secretary Calls In National Debt

Treasury Secretary William G. Miller says that as the national debt reaches nearly a trillion dollars, it is time to call that debt in. "Pay up," Miller said in an angry statement directed at the public. "Or I'll recommend that the president send out the National Guard to ring your doorbells and call you in the middle of the night until you cough up the money." He said that each American owes approximately five hundred dollars.

UN Vote on Vietnam Due

The United Nations Security Council is expected to vote soon on a measure that would call for the country of Vietnam to be "cut up into little pieces and

scattered over the oceans." Many world leaders believe that Vietnam is an incorrigible troublemaker that, unless destroyed, will continue to draw major powers into conflict with it. "Everyone in Vietnam has been killed two or three times, so it's pointless to just go in there and shoot everyone," the secretary-general said. "We have no choice but to dismantle it and dump it."

Women's Football League Flounders

After players refused to manually stimulate men customers at games, the Women's Professional Football League is said to be failing. In the early part of the season, when the players were offering to masturbate fans, attendance was averaging fifteen thousand per game; but since the ban, fewer than twenty people have been attending the games. Owners and the league president are trying to reach a compromise in which the players would play without pants.

Italians Revise Government

In a brief statement to the European press, an Italian government official said that the posts of general manager, foreman, emperor, and captain have been added to the burgeoning Italian cabinet. He also noted that the position of superintendent has been dropped.

Senator Jackson Muzzled During Talks

During debate over the Soviet arms build-up in Cuba, Senator Henry Jackson had to be wrestled to the ground by Senate pages and forced to wear a muzzle over his face until the discussion ended. "Scoop started screaming about the Russians mining the East Coast and about Soviet subs torpedoing oil tankers, and we just didn't want to listen to it anymore," one senator remarked. It is the first time the Senate muzzle has been used in modern times.

Further Legalization of Gambling in New Jersey

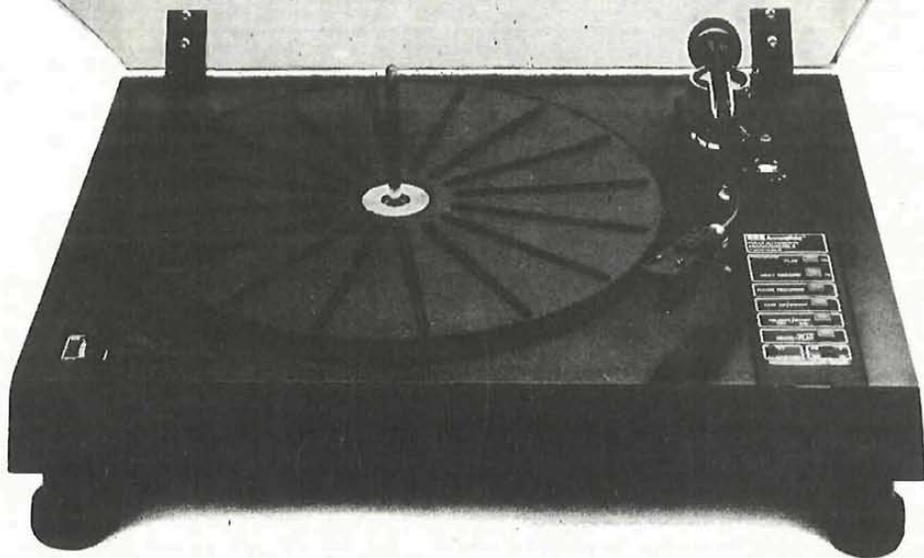
The New Jersey legislature has passed legislation legalizing betting on cancer deaths in that state.

French Right Wing on the Rise

The left-wing movement in France has been stemmed, sources report. A strong right-wing wave is on the rise after more than thirty years in the shadows of powerful leftist sentiment. The reason French political analysts give for the shift is that right-wing rhetoric is easier to spell and goes better with today's slimmer clothing cuts.

Introducing Accuglide™. The computerized remote control turntable.

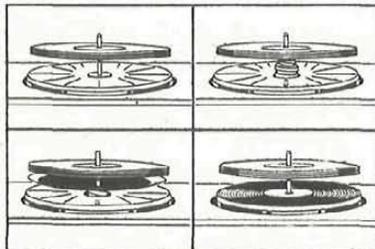
It provides hours of viewing pleasure.
(You read it right. Viewing pleasure.)



Even before you enjoy listening to Accuglide™, you're going to want to spend time just watching it. Because Accuglide performs like no other turntable you've ever seen.

Watch Accuglide's unique rotary spindle raise and lower your records like an elevator. So your hard rock doesn't drop on "Madame Butterfly."

You'll see Accuglide's spindle rotate its way to the top to pick up your record, carefully lower it, then gently place it onto the platter. Unlike other multiplay turntables, it doesn't drop them.



In fact, no other record changing system is as gentle. So your records couldn't

be in better hands. Not even your own.

Accuglide's remote control lets you play the "Hallelujah Chorus" from across your living room. Hallelujah!

Now, listening to relaxing music can really be relaxing. Thanks to Accuglide's remote control you can play your favorite music without jumping up and down.

In fact, you can even raise and lower the volume from 40 feet away. So you won't be hassled by your neighbors if you want to play a hustle at 11 P.M.

Play it again, Sam, is only one of 27 commands you can give Accuglide.

Simply press the right buttons on the Accuglide turntable or its remote control, and Accuglide's built-in computer stores up to 27 different commands.



So, you can change a record, reject it (you didn't like that one anyway), raise the tone arm (so you can answer the phone), then resume play without missing a beat, repeat it (because now you want to hear it without any interruptions), then raise your records back to starting position so you can start all over again.

Accuglide's tubular "J" shaped tone arm is superbly balanced for exceptional tracking. And comes with a precision ADC magnetic cartridge with elliptical diamond stylus. Plus, the belt-drive Accuglide has the kind of specs you'd expect to find in the finest turntables.

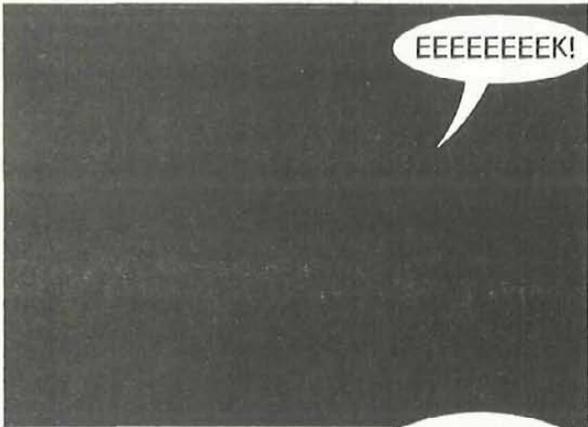
And if you think all this sounds good, how does this sound?

You can have all this viewing and listening pleasure for a song.

FOTO FUNNIES



NO,
HARRY! NO!



EEEEEEEEK!



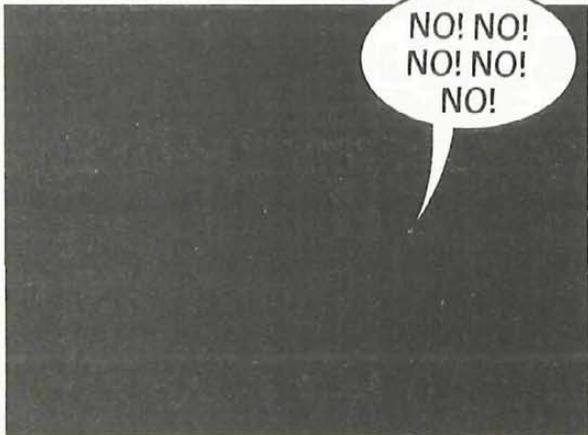
OW, STOP!
HARRY, PLEASE
STOP!



NO! OH, GOD!
PLEASE, NO!



OH, GOD,
HARRY, YOU'RE
KILLING ME!

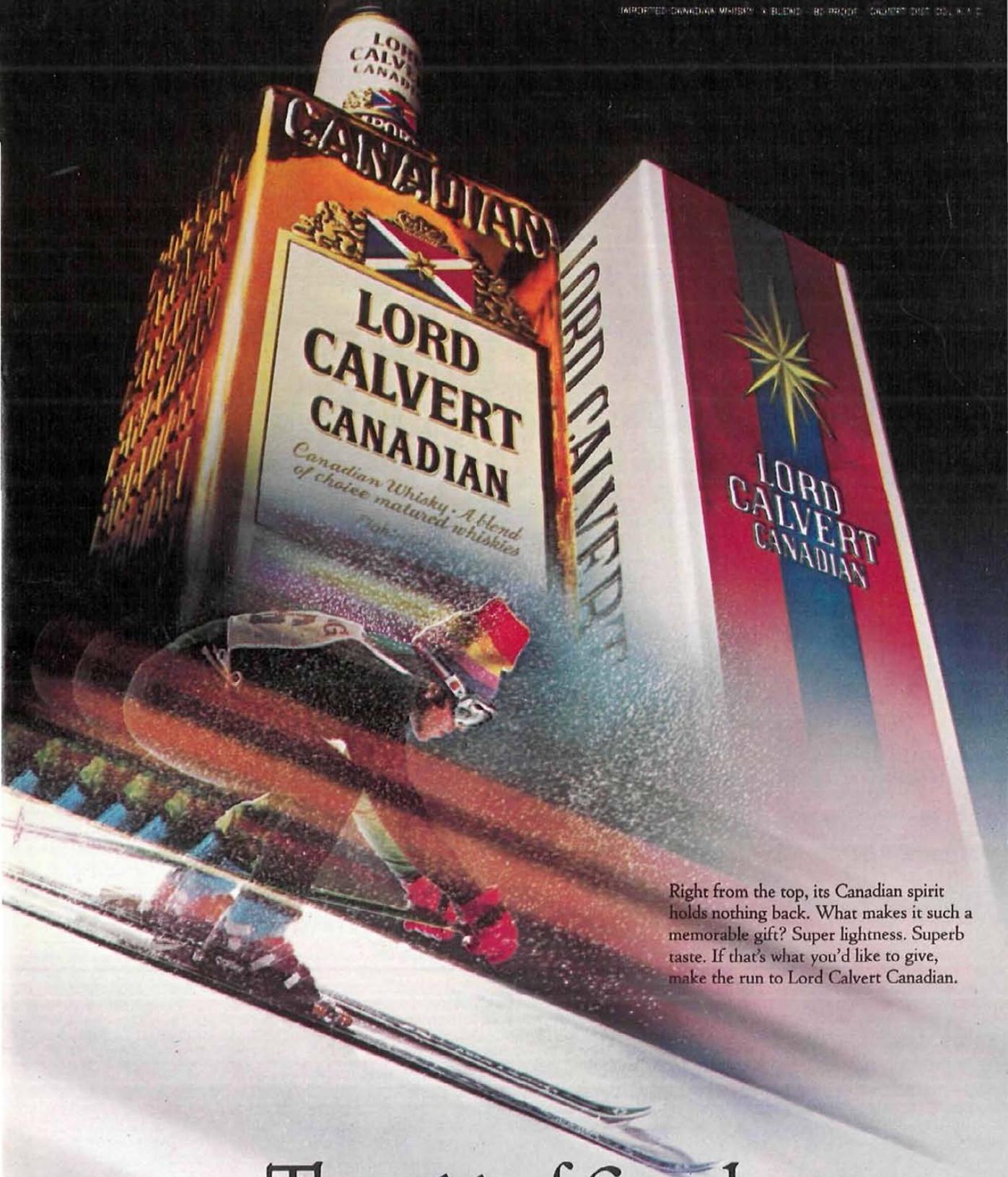


NO! NO!
NO! NO!
NO!



WOW, HARRY,
LET'S DO THAT
AGAIN.

BARBARA BARBOUS



Right from the top, its Canadian spirit holds nothing back. What makes it such a memorable gift? Super lightness. Superb taste. If that's what you'd like to give, make the run to Lord Calvert Canadian.

The spirit of Canada:
Give it for the Holidays.

FIDELITY ELECTRONICS

VOICE CHESS CHALLENGER[®]

THE FIRST THINKING GAME THAT SPEAKS TO YOU



A perfect chess opponent, the Challenger[®] can play against you at infinite levels of skill, from beginner to expert. And... it speaks to you... calling out all moves, catching errors and announcing game progression. The Challenger[®] is also a superb teacher and it will even suggest your best move. Be warned, however, that the Challenger[®] has 1200 classic book-opening moves and can analyze over three million board positions stored in its tiny computer brain. So, it can be very tough. It is so sophisticated, it is available in either English, Spanish, German or French language.

Other challenging computer games from Fidelity include... BRIDGE... CHECKERS... and BACKGAMMON. At fine stores everywhere.



**FIDELITY
ELECTRONICS, LTD.**

Miami, Florida 33178

The world's largest manufacturer of self-contained, microprocessor based, board games.

"The moral flabbiness born of the exclusive worship of the bitch goddess Success. That...is our national disease."
—William James

B I T C H G O D D E S S E S

SUE ANN,
GODDESS OF
SUCCESS
IN THE
BACKSEAT
OF
A CAR



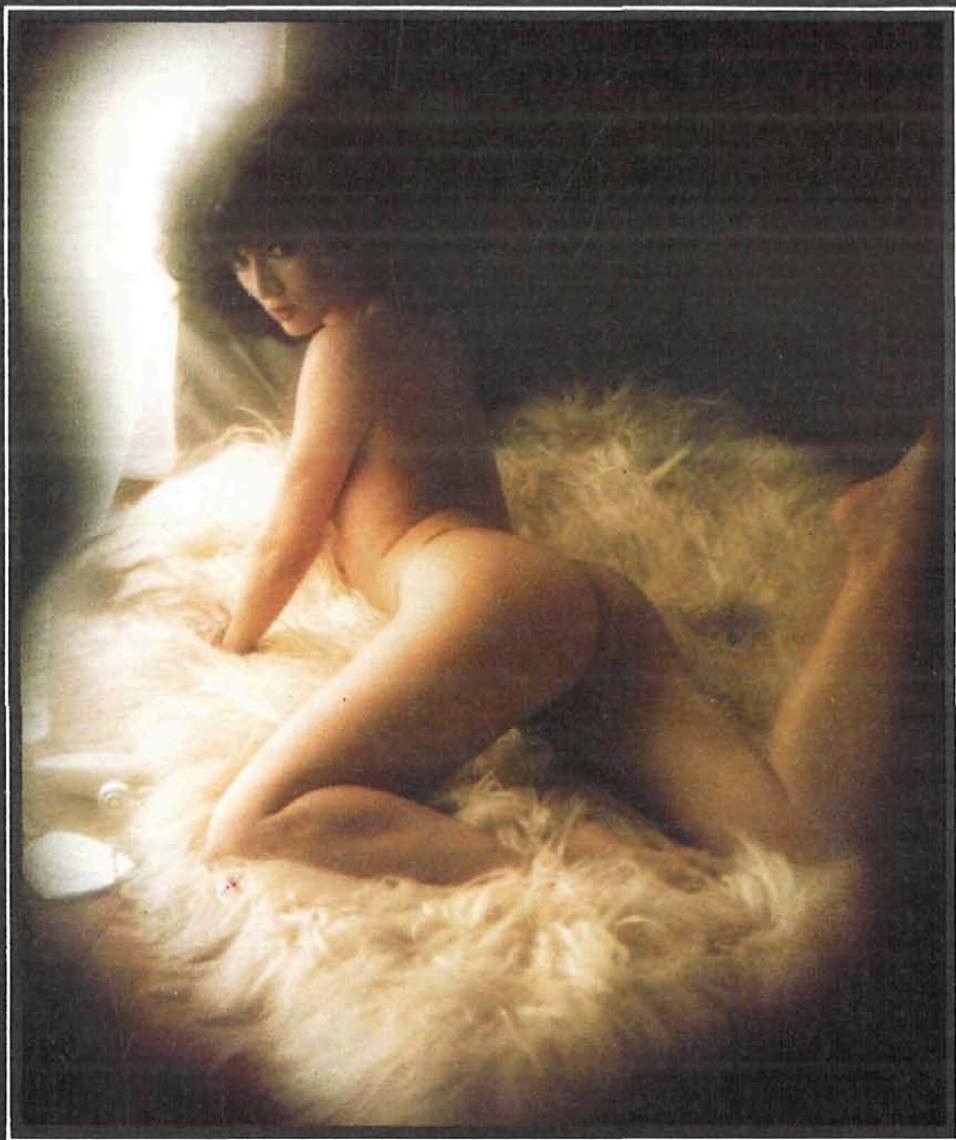
FUNDAMENTAL TENETS OR BELIEFS: All you need is love. Love is the most important thing in the world. There's only one true love for every person. Life isn't worth living without love.
PLACES OF WORSHIP: Homeroom. Lunch. Study hall. Hamburger stand. Sock hop after the game.

PRINCIPAL RITUALS OF DEVOTION: Hanging around places where she might turn up. Driving past her house. Finally making yourself call her up. Asking her out. Endless phone calls. Mooning around like a crack-brained calf.
OFFERINGS: Movie tickets. Candy. 45s. Corsage. Pendant necklace with a single cultured pearl. Class ring.

SACRIFICES: Friends' opinions of your taste and intelligence. Allowance. Interest in sports and hobbies.
REWARDS OF FAITH: A handjob.
PUNISHMENT FOR SIN: Getting stood up on prom night.
FORM OF PENCE: Repeat procedure with another girl.

B G O I D D T

LAURA,
GODDESS
OF
SUCCESS
AFTER
DARK
AND ON
WEEKENDS



FUNDAMENTAL TENETS OR BELIEFS: She's the most beautiful woman in the world. This time she won't keep you waiting for three hours. She doesn't really care about that other guy, it's just that she's afraid of hurting him. Deep down inside she's just a simple wholesome kid who needs to be loved.

PLACES OF WORSHIP: Restaurants. Nightclubs. Discotheques. Theaters. Concerts. The Bahamas.

PRINCIPAL RITUALS OF DEVOTION: Blandishments. Promises. Sweet talk. Feigned interest in what passes for her career. Phone calls every ten minutes when you know full well she's staying out all night.

OFFERINGS: Jewelry. Perfume. Expensive meals. Jewelry. Entertainment. More jewelry. Trips to Aspen.

SACRIFICES: Money, time, and sense.

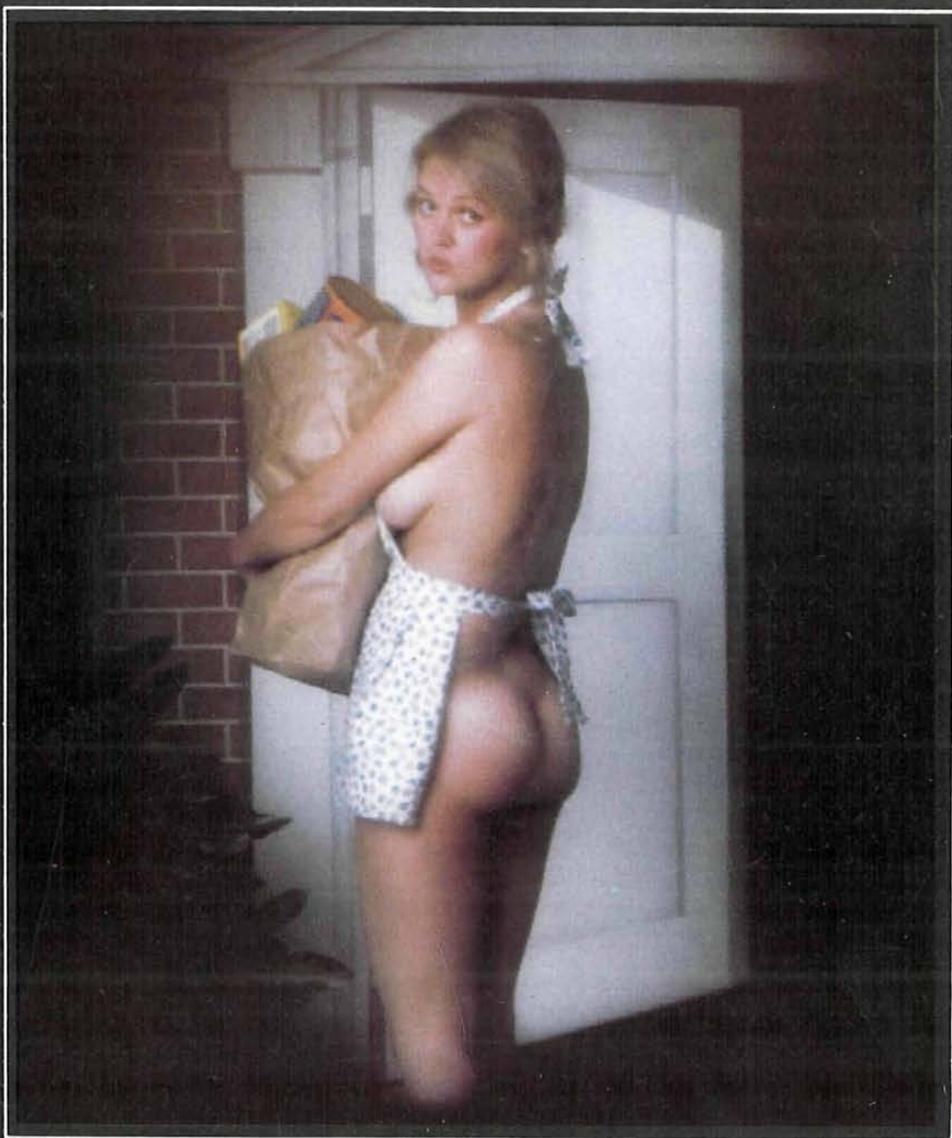
REWARDS OF FAITH: Blowjobs. Light B&D. Hints that you might eventually get her girl friend in bed with the two of you.

PUNISHMENTS FOR SIN: Unreturned phone calls. Unreturned jewelry. Unanswered letters. Door to her apartment opened by big guy with his shirt off.

FORM OF PENANCE: Trip to Aspen.

E S S E S

**BETTY,
GODDESS
OF A
SUCCESSFUL
HOME
LIFE**



**FUNDAMENTAL
TENETS OR BELIEFS:**

Two can live as cheaply as one. It's time you settled down and started a family. It'll be different when it's your own kids. Growing old together will be beautiful.

PLACE OF WORSHIP:

Three-bedroom brick colonial with finished basement, one and a half baths, and an attached garage.

PRINCIPAL RITUALS

OF DEVOTION: Coming straight home from work. Keeping the yard nice. Helping with the household chores.

OFFERINGS: Engagement ring. Church wedding. Joint checking account. A dishwasher. Regular visits to her relatives.

SACRIFICES: Poker. Bowling. Big cigars. NFL Monday-night football. Drinking orange juice straight out of the carton.

REWARDS OF FAITH:

Regular sex. Regular meals. Clean underwear and socks.

PUNISHMENTS FOR

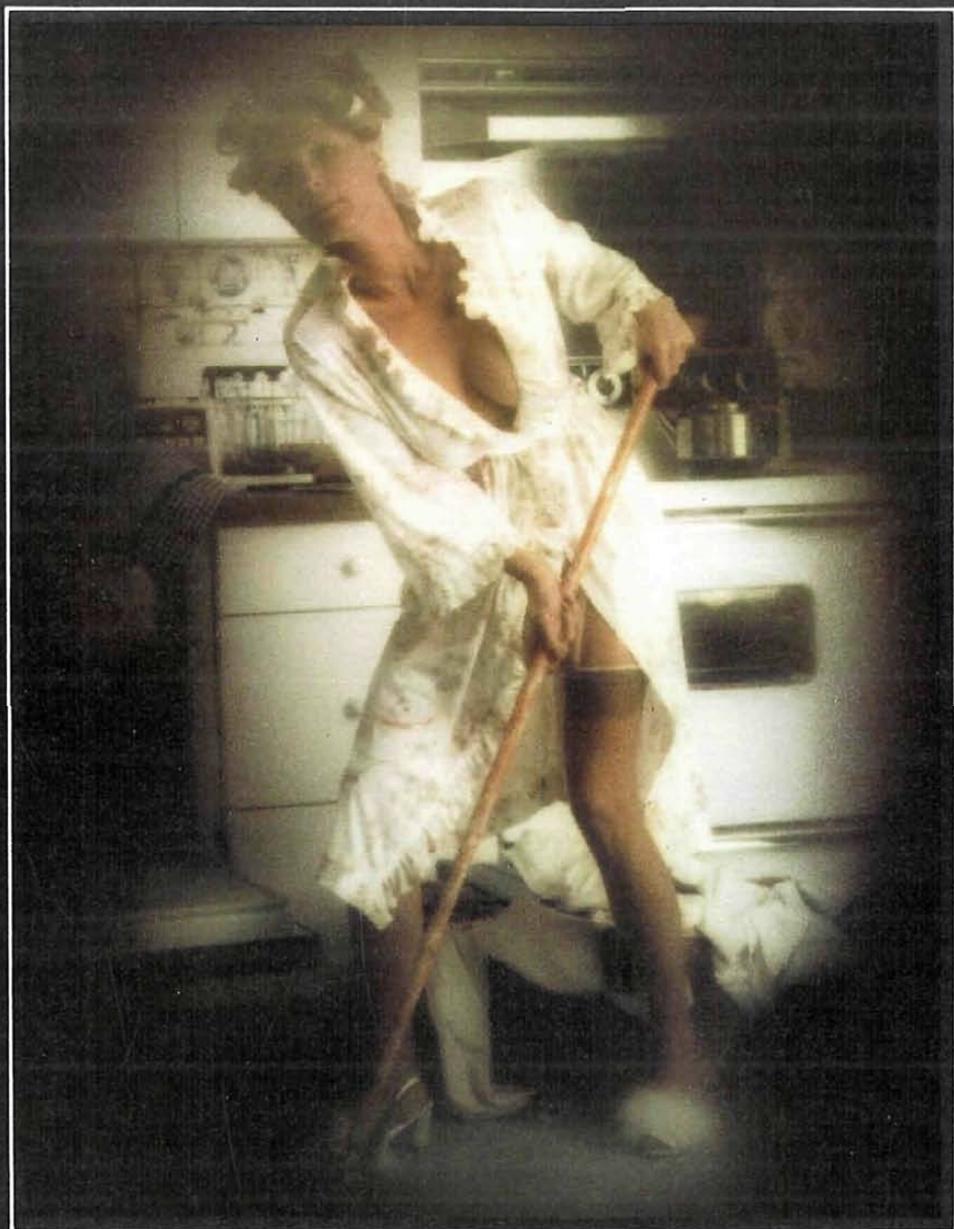
SIN: No sex. Icy silences.

FORMS OF PENANCE:

Flowers, candy, dinner at a real restaurant, and promising over and over and over and over that honestly and truly it will never ever ever ever happen ever ever again no matter what, really, I mean it.

B I T C H G O D D E S S E S

MOM,
GODDESS
OF
SUCCESS
IN LATER
LIFE
AND
GETTING
INTO
COLLEGE
SO YOU'LL
BE ABLE
TO GET
A GOOD
JOB



**FUNDAMENTAL
TENETS OR BELIEFS:**
Don't talk back. Mind your
manners. Don't act fresh. Do
as you're told. Wipe your
feet.
PLACE OF WORSHIP:
Home.

**PRINCIPAL RITUALS
OF DEVOTION:** Mowing
lawn. Taking out garbage.
Making your bed. Picking
your clothes up off the floor.
Seeing if, just once, you can't
try being as well behaved as
the Willis boy down the
street.
OFFERINGS: Clean ears.
Quiet chewing. Pair of slip-
pers and a scarf for
Christmas.

SACRIFICES: Cigarette
smoking in the house. Get-
ting a tattoo. Running away
to join the marines.
REWARDS OF FAITH:
Allowance. Use of the car.
**PUNISHMENTS FOR
SIN:** Getting grounded. Get-
ting whacked. No TV for a
week.
FORM OF PENANCE:
Pretending you're sorry.



"I think I heard somebody say there's two new flavors of Schnapps."

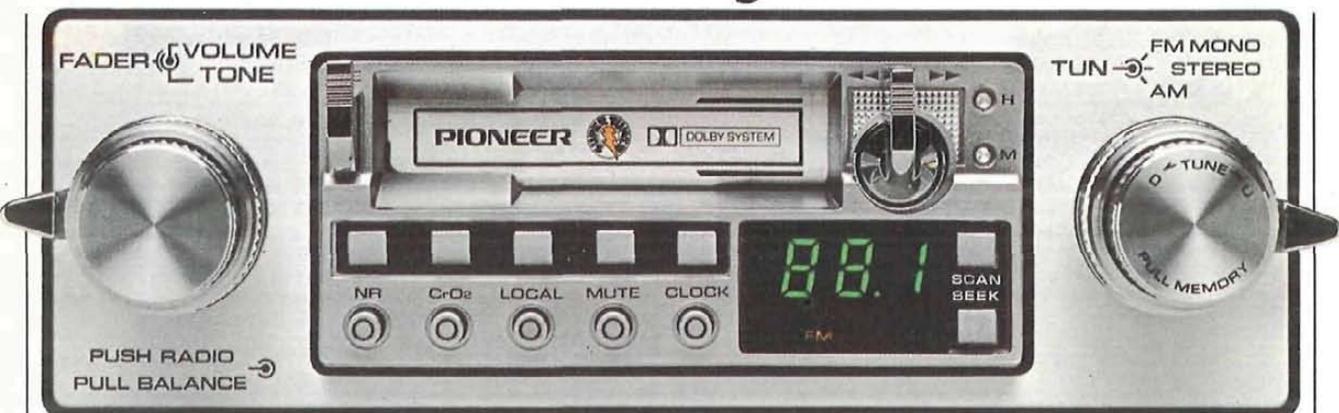
New Spearmint and Cinnamon Schnapps

both only from **Arrow**



ARROW® SPEARMINT & CINNAMON SCHNAPPS. 60 PROOF © 1979. ARROW LIQUORS CO., ALLEN PARK, MICHIGAN.

This Christmas, knock somebody on their ear.



The KE-5000 Digital Electronic AM/FM Stereo with Cassette Deck.

Let's face it. Nowadays, even people you love are pretty jaded. And if you want to get more than a



TS-695 Three-Way Speakers.

patronizing peck on the cheek come Christmas morning, you've got to put something dynamite under the tree.

Something like the new Pioneer KE-5000 AM/FM Stereo with Cassette Deck. If your car could do as much for itself as the KE-5000 can, you could drive to work with your arms folded.

Almost all once-mechanical functions are han-

dled by a microprocessor that eliminates old time dial twisting. Instead, a press of the SCAN button sends it scurrying on its way, looking from station to station till it finds one you like.

The KE-5000 also features a ten-station memory, digital station display, Dolby* noise reduction, metal tape capability, and a digital clock.

Add to this a pair of our superb TS-695 three-way speakers, and you're giving a

*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

gift to contend with.

But your buck doesn't stop here. Right now your Pioneer Car Stereo dealer can show you dozens of dashing ways to snow someone you love this Christmas.

And if that someone you love happens to be someone you share a car with, well that makes giving Pioneer Car Stereo just that much better.

PIONEER®
The Best Sound Going.

Pioneer's Steve Tillack displays his Highway Library. Various titles include *How To Buy Car Stereo*, *How To Install Car Stereo*, *Going To Pieces* (component guide), and *The Illustrated Guide to FM Car Stereo*. Get them through your dealer. Or send \$1.00 to P.O. Box 9487, St. Paul, MN 55194, and we'll mail them to you.



To find your nearest dealer, toll-free, call: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois: (800) 322-4400.

THE SUCCESS SECTION

ALL ABOUT RICH PEOPLE, BIG MONEY, AND SUCCESS STORIES OF ALL KINDS

Meet Earl "The Bird" MacDonald, the Most Successful Athlete in America

When Earl "The Bird" MacDonald graduated from Marcus Garvey Junior A&M College, he was labeled as "can't miss" by every NBA scout. Only nineteen and still growing, MacDonald was six foot nine, weighed 250 pounds, and had hands the size of catcher's mitts and the speed of an Olympic sprinter. Needless to say, he was a deadly shooter, a ferocious rebounder, and a tireless, disciplined defensive player.

MacDonald had the potential to be one of the great stars of the game, maybe the best. The Detroit Pistons certainly thought so, because they decided to gamble their future on him and give him a generous long-term contract. MacDonald turned to Mike "Strangler" Steinberg, the toughest sports agent in the business, to handle the negotiations.

Detroit was desperate, and Steinberg managed to get a ten-year, no-cut contract, starting at \$150,000 a year and escalating annually to \$750,000 by the seventh year. Instead of agreeing to the usual incentive bonuses based on MacDonald's future performance, Steinberg got the Pistons to pay the Bird in real money, including municipal bonds, real estate, even gold bullion. Regardless of what might happen to MacDonald, the Pistons had to pay him in full.

In the first day of training

camp, an overeager rookie named Travis Goop slipped on a wet spot on the floor and fell down hard on MacDonald's right knee, virtually crushing it. MacDonald had to undergo three operations and sit out the entire season.

Next year, he returned healthier than ever. But in his first regular season game against the Washington Bullets he tore ligaments in his left knee when two oppo-

they had to pay him for ten years.

Golden State needed a player of MacDonald's limitless potential and decided to take a chance on the Bird, who claimed his knees were stronger than ever after a full year of working out with weights and special machines. Again, Strangler Steinberg negotiated a contract for MacDonald. This time it could not be as lucrative, but it was still a

backboard while tapping in a rebound but broke his entire right arm in the process. This move put him out for yet another season.

When MacDonald entered his fourth year in the NBA he was determined to make his mark last. He seemed to be fully recovered from his injuries and went through a brilliant exhibition season. But in the last practice session before the regular play, he was struck in the head by a ball he didn't see coming. He suffered a severe concussion. The doctors said that any blow to his head could cause him irreparable brain damage, possibly death. They urged MacDonald to retire. Golden State had to pick up the remaining four years of his contract.

MacDonald's total playing time in the NBA for three regular seasons was exactly nine minutes. He scored five points, on one field goal and three foul shots. He had two rebounds and one assist. He committed five fouls. He averaged 1.6 points a season. He also averaged about \$175,000 a minute.

Steinberg, his agent, has continued to handle MacDonald's finances and claims his client's tax-free income and other investments will keep him a millionaire for life. "As long as he doesn't touch a basketball, there's no reason why he can't live to be a hundred," said Steinberg.



MacDonald's bodyguard carries him to his bank, where he makes his weekly deposit. MacDonald always laughs on the way to the bank. As for being carried everywhere, MacDonald says, "I'm fully healed. I can walk. But thank God I don't have to."

nents crashed into him fighting for a rebound. MacDonald went under the knife again and was out for yet another season.

By now Detroit wasn't sure if MacDonald would ever play up to his potential, and they put out feelers for a trade. MacDonald claimed his knees were fully mended and he was ready to play, but Detroit gave up on him and traded him to Golden State, even though

beauty—\$125,000 a year for five years, lots of bonus clauses, a house in San Francisco with a fully paid mortgage, and a trust fund for MacDonald's young son, Slam Dunk, whom he gracefully recognized as his own in a paternity suit.

But Lady Luck was not on MacDonald's side. In a devastating show of offensive strength against the Kansas City Kings, MacDonald not only shattered a

by Gerry Sussman, John Weidman, P.J. O'Rourke, and Dave Spector

Real Success

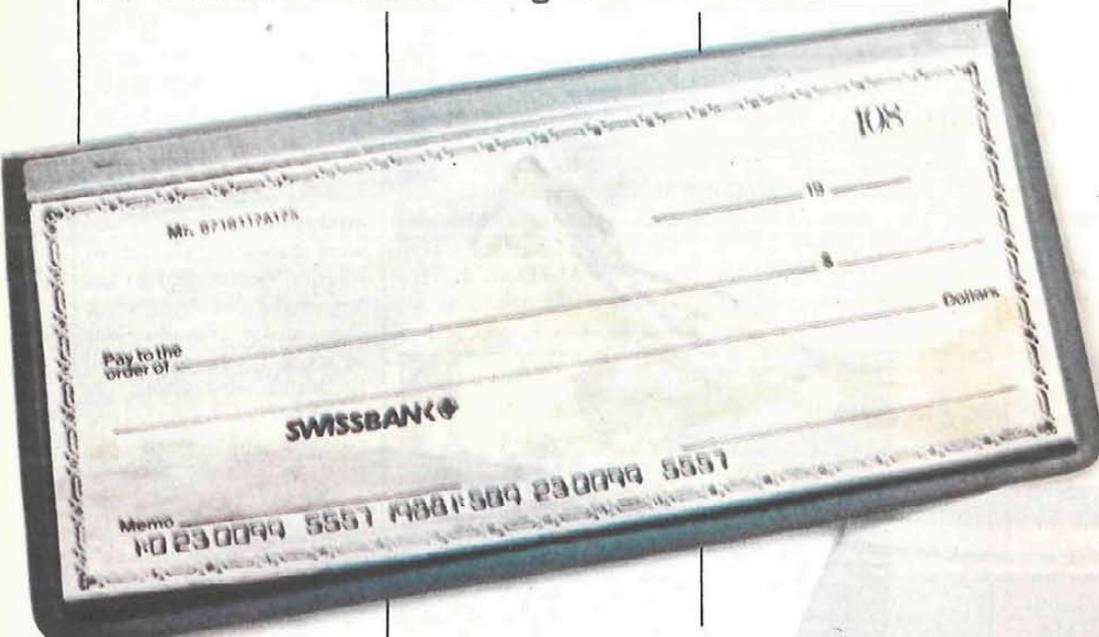
You want to know if I'm successful? Listen, let me tell you.... Absolutely! Look, I'm thirty-three years old, I've got a lovely wife, two healthy kids, a little house I just bought out in the suburbs, and a solid job. My life

is... well, my life is *good*. Not everything I might have hoped for back in college, sure, but as you grow, mature, your values change. You're seventeen, you want to live the kind of life they only live in movies. Money, drugs, a different starlet every night.... Hey, look, I

may not have a big six-figure salary or my face in *People* magazine, I may not fly a private jet or own a fancy duplex on Fifth Avenue, I may not have *that* kind of success, what I call paper success, but I've got something more important. I've got... well, I've got *peace*

of mind. A lovely wife, two healthy kids.... You know, those kids think I'm the greatest guy who ever lived. They do! In their eyes I'm a goddamn hero! So if you want to know if I'm successful, if I feel I'm a success... hey brother, do I ever!
 Editor's Note: Bullshit.

Swissbank: All the Banking You'll Ever Need



Free Special Checking Account: Just maintain a balance of \$10,000,000 a month and you can write all the checks you want with no monthly maintenance fee and no per-check charges. Should your balance fall below \$10,000,000, you will be charged \$2,500 a month and \$500 per check.



Swisscard: Your twenty-four-hour money card
 Use your Swisscard in any of our money machines, located in major cities and most high-status resorts. You can get up to \$5,000,000 in cash at any time. It will simply be credited to your checking account.



Swissbank Platinum Passbook Minimum balance accepted: \$20,000,000

The World's Most Successful Seafood Restaurant

Carmine's Clam Shack in Wildwood, New Jersey, is the most successful seafood restaurant in the country. Every day, beginning at lunchtime and going right through the wee hours of the morning, hungry seafood lovers line up by the thousands, waiting to sample Carmine's wares. Is Carmine's any different from the many other seafood joints along the shores of America? Yes. Carmine's seafood is cheap. Dirt cheap. How about twenty-five cents for a dozen cherry-stone clams? Or fifty cents for a dozen of the finest bluepoint oysters? The biggest Maine lobster goes for two bucks. And that's one of the expensive dishes.

How does Carmine do it? He steals. Carmine employs a fleet of seafood pirates, ocean thugs who terrorize legitimate fishing-boat owners into giving them part of their catch in exchange for "protection" against possible attack or poaching by the "communists." Every clam boat and lobsterman pays off Carmine's marauding pirates to avoid trouble.

But high volume can't account for Carmine's remarkably high profits. His other secret: he steals from you. While you're deliriously happy, enjoying your low-priced seafood, Carmine's expert pickpockets are removing your wallet and extracting a few more dollars—not a huge amount, just enough to make a nice profit on each serving. If you pay two or three bucks for a lobster, Carmine's boys will deftly remove another two or three. At five dollars, your lobster is still a bargain, so if you discover a

few bucks missing, you won't feel terribly upset. And as a special bonus, there's no tipping allowed at Carmine's.

Things Successful People Need Not Be Concerned With

- Whether or not double-pack toilet paper really has 1,000 sheets.
- Rats attacking people.
- Neatly folding up paper shopping bags because they might come in handy sometime.
- Gray underwear.
- What store brands of soda will taste like.
- Ever having to spend the night in jail unless you actually murder someone.
- How to keep bookshelves made out of loose bricks from toppling over on your stereo.
- Any form of transportation that requires exact change.
- Waiting until Sunday, when the long-distance rates go down, to call your brother and tell him that Mom died.
- Whether or not to reuse Styrofoam cups.
- Finding a place to go on vacation in Pennsylvania.
- Running back to the phone booth to get the dime out of the coin-return slot.
- If it's \$1.80 on the taxi meter now, that means it's going to be at least \$2.20 by the time you get there, and 15 percent of \$2.20 is \$.32, no, \$.33, really, and \$.35 plus \$2.20 is \$2.55, and I've got a dollar bill plus \$.25...\$.50...\$.75...
- Whether or not you get the unlimited free salad bar with just a sandwich.
- Movies going to \$4.50.
- Christmas.
- Anything concerning a Ford Torino.

Success Can Go to Your Head



This is the president of one of the most successful corporations in America—lonely, embittered, suffering from terminal successor-iasis. He wears a special medicated hat to cover the ugly sores.

A relatively new, but deadly, disease has been discovered to exist among the newly successful, those people who have worked their way up the ladder right to the top.

"The first symptom is loneliness," says Dr. Robert Sanchez, a specialist in endocrinology and brain disorders at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York. "It's true what they say. It is lonely at the top. This kind of loneliness seems to trigger off some kind of hormonal imbalance, and in certain types of people it causes heads to expand, to swell," said Dr. Sanchez.

If the hormonal imbalance is not checked in time, the swelling continues and more dangerous symptoms emerge—blisters, skin irritations, and pimples—a condition called successzema. Successzema can be treated by large doses of cortisone, drinking plenty of liquids, and staying on a low-salt, low-cholesterol diet.

But the next phase is fatal. If unchecked, successzema can lead to successor-iasis—large red blotches, open sores, and enough swelling of the head to eventually affect the brain. "The heartbreak of successor-iasis is that it drives the successful guy even deeper into loneliness," said Dr. Sanchez. "He has his meals sent to his office and sneaks out the back exits of buildings. It's no fun being at the top of the heap anymore."

For some unexplained reason, successor-iasis is prevalent among Scandinavians and Germans. The former president of Volvo had it. It was rumored for years that Willy Brandt was a victim. Even Ingmar Bergman, who has had limited commercial success with his films, developed a small case of it. But it was checked in time, after he made *The Serpent's Egg*.

According to the experts, no Jew has ever contracted successor-iasis.

The Formula for Success

$$x^n \cdot \frac{r(1+y)(1+x)}{x(n+1)} \cdot \left(\frac{x}{y}\right)^x + 1$$

x = physical appearance
y = income
r = age
n = personality

$$\left(y^n \cdot r(x+y) \cdot \frac{(x-1)x}{(y-1)y}\right) + 1$$

A.C. Nielsen Study Reveals Newspaper Reading Habits of People Ranging from Failures to Multimillionaires

The A. C. Nielsen research company has just completed a massive study of the newspaper-reading habits of Americans, from failures to the super rich. The key question asked was: "In what order do you read the various sections of the newspaper?" It was discovered that as people became more successful and earned more money, the order in which they read a newspaper changed. Here are the results.

Total Failure	Mildly Successful	Definitely Successful	Extremely Successful Multimillionaire Tycoon
Sports	News	Financial pages	Sports
Ann Landers	Financial pages	Editorial page	Ann Landers
Comics	Gossip columns	News	Comics
Bra and panty ads	Sports	Social column	Bra and panty ads
Automobile ads	Menswear ads	Real-estate section	Automobile ads
Sports again	Ann Landers	Ann Landers	Sports again

What's the Secret of Your Success?

The most successful people in the world respond to the *National Lampoon's* question.

"Some people meditate. Others like to take an afternoon nap to rejuvenate themselves. I like to play with myself every day, just before teatime. It takes the edge off my temper and restores my tranquility."

—Margaret Thatcher



"I had an operation when I was sixteen. I can't tell you what it was, but it did wonders for me."

—Sammy Davis, Jr.



"I've always worshiped people with more power and money than I have. I mean worship, going down on my hands and knees. Sometimes I go down on more than my hands and knees, but, hell, that's what it takes to be a big man."

—John Connally



"I have small, hard, nicely shaped breasts. Men seem to go for them."

—Ed Koch



"All my life I've lived by one rule. But right now I can't seem to remember what it is."

—Henry Ford II



"A warm enema. I take one every day. But the kicker is that I use half water, half Coca-Cola."

—Ronald Reagan



"I scare people. I make them look deep into my eyes, and they get intimidated, frightened, downright spooked. I scare people into doing what I want them to do. Let's face it, I'm a spooky-looking guy if you make eye contact with me."

—Pat Boone



"I've got this little piece of fur my father once gave me. Whenever I need good luck, I rub it between my thighs."

—Werner Erhard



"I can take a blade of grass, stick it in my mouth, and tie a knot in it with my tongue. The president constantly presses me for the secret, but I never reveal it, because as soon as he knows...well..."

—Hamilton Jordan



"I just try my best to be nice to people. I know it sounds naive, but that's how I feel!"

—Roman Polanski



The World's Most Successful Diet

In 1978, Dr. Randall Rupert, thirty-two, of the La Jolla Health Collective, La Jolla, California, developed a diet that has proven to be the most successful weight-loss regimen ever devised. Dr. Rupert calls the diet, quite simply, the Dr. Rupert Diet, and he describes it, in brief, as follows:

"The Dr. Rupert Diet works in stages, or what I call 'weight-loss modules.' The number of modules you choose depends on how much weight you want to lose. Each module works the same way. First, you sit down to a meal of anything and everything you love to eat. The more the better. Lobster, french fries, chocolate cake...Go crazy. Stuff yourself. Then sit back and take it easy while your body processes the food you've eaten, separating out the nutrients from the waste materials, which are eliminated in the form of feces and urine. Do not throw this waste material away. It constitutes your next meal. You see, under my plan, the dieter quite literally eats his own shit, or SlendaSludge™, as I prefer to call it. This second meal is processed

once again, residual nutrients are separated out, and a second, smaller load of SlendaSludge™ is served up—piping hot, I might add. The dieter eats this third (or turd!) meal, eliminates it, eats it again, eliminates it again, and so on until the SlendaSludge™ produced is smaller in circumference than a Roosevelt dime. This constitutes the end of the first module, and the dieter can anticipate a weight reduction at this point of between six and seven pounds."

Dr. Rupert admits that this diet is not for everyone. Some people find the meals monotonous, or bland, he says, but those who have stayed with the diet swear by it. A slimmed-down Barbara Streisand, for example, claims it saved her film career.

Four Ideas That Will Make You a Million Free, from the National Lampoon

1. Start a cocaine chain letter.
2. Bottle a special white wine for cats.
3. Package and market James Dean Sausages and James Dean Sausage Patties.
4. Record the hit single below and get it on the air in time for the holidays.

"Rudolph the Disco Reindeer"

Rudolph the disco reindeer
Had a lot of funny clothes,
And every time you saw him,
He was sticking cocaine up his nose.

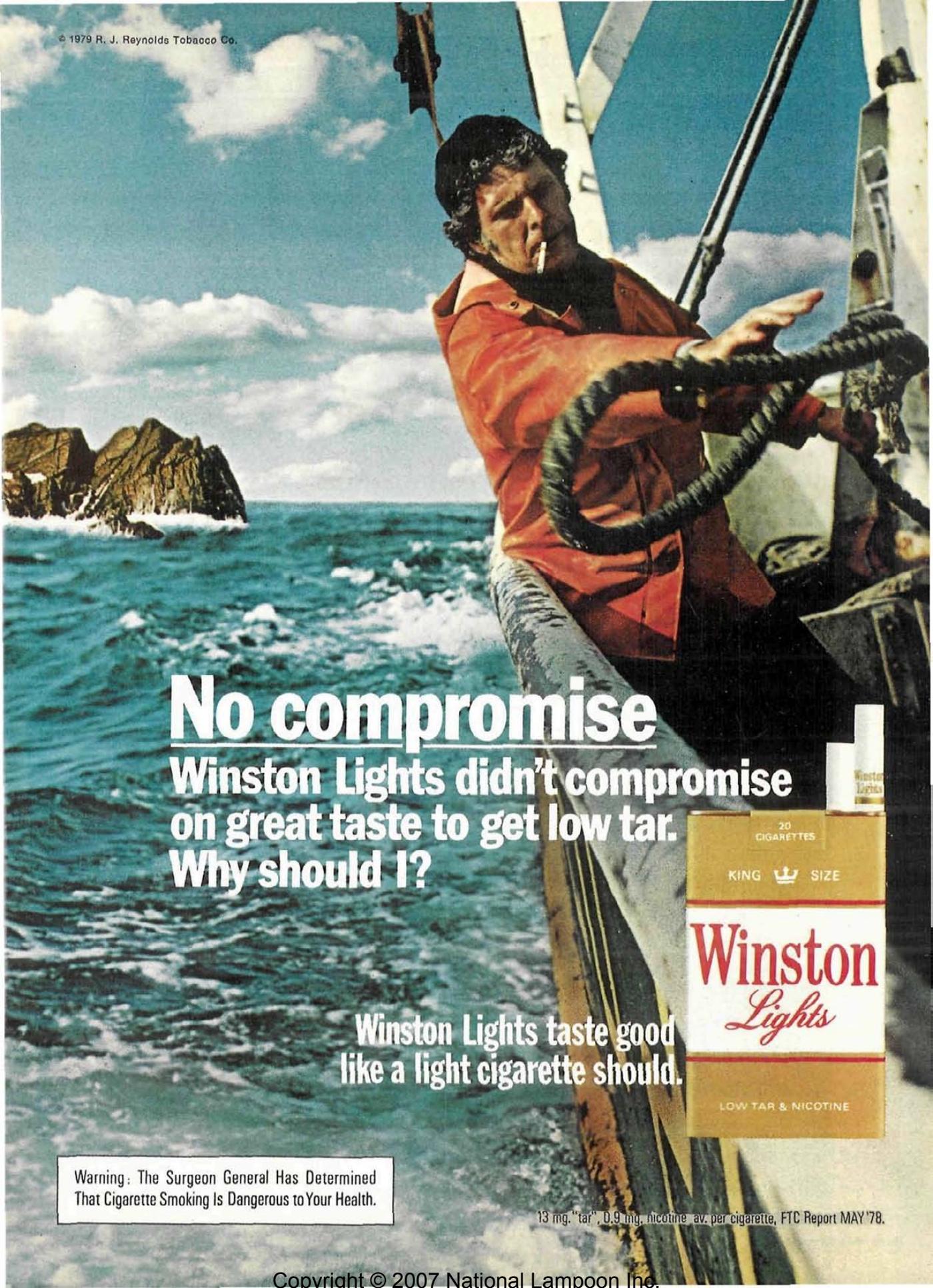
All of the other reindeer
Used to laugh and call him queer,
They never went to discos,
They watched football and drank lots of beer.

Then one boring weekday night,
Santa came to say:

"Rudolph with your skintight pants,
Let's go to Xenon and dance!"

Then the other reindeer flipped out,

And they all were heard to say:
"Rudolph the disco reindeer
Has gotten Santa Claus to turn gay!"

A man in a red jacket is on a boat, holding a cigarette in his mouth and steering with a thick rope. The background shows a blue sea and a rocky coastline under a blue sky with white clouds.

No compromise
Winston Lights didn't compromise
on great taste to get low tar.
Why should I?

Winston Lights taste good
like a light cigarette should.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

NO RUM REFLECTS
PUERTO RICO
LIKE RONRICO.



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**RONRICO: AUTHENTIC
RUM OF PUERTO RICO.**



The Little Engine That Did

by
Timothy Crouse
with illustrations by
Randy Enos

Once there was a very little steam engine. One day this Little Engine came upon a great big locomotive that had broken down. The big locomotive was supposed to pull a train filled with toys and dolls over the mountain for all the good little boys and girls who lived on the other side. The Little Engine took one look at the train and cried, "Hitch onto me!"

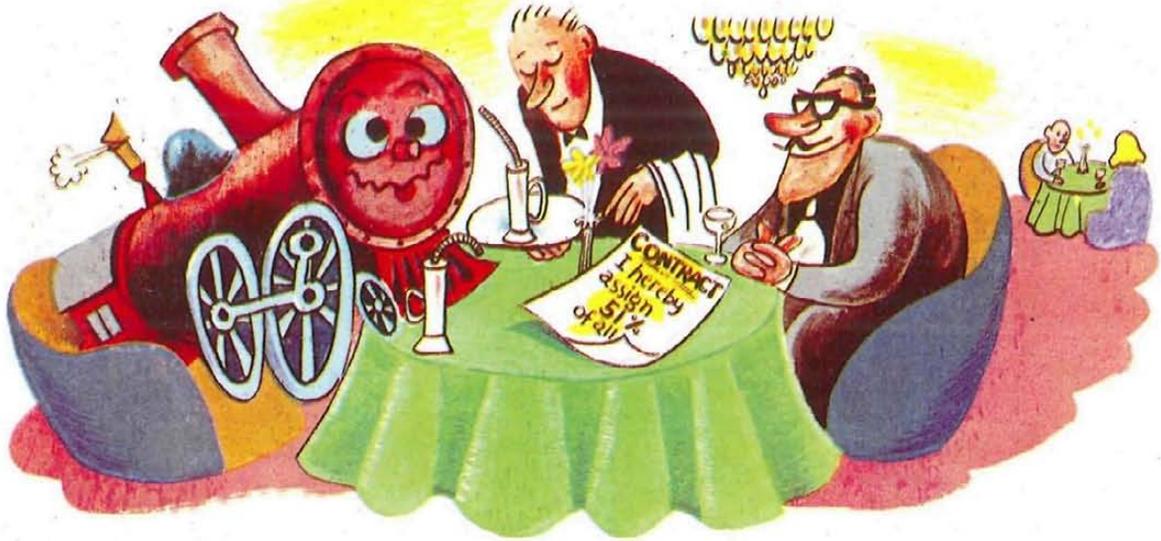
But how was such a very little engine ever going to pull such a very big load over such a very high mountain? And the mountain was not only very high, it was also very steep. But the Little Engine got up steam and started puffing; "I-think-I-can, I-think-I-can, I-think-I-can, I-think-I-can," he said to himself. He pulled and pulled and he strained his boiler and he strained his pistons until he had no more strength left in his wheels. But even when the Little Engine had no more strength left in his wheels, he still had plenty of confidence. "I-think-I-can, I-think-I-can, I-think-I-can," he said. And so he kept on going and finally he reached the top.

As he started down the mountain, the Little Engine breathed a sigh of relief. "I-thought-I-could, I-thought-I-could, I-thought-I-could," he said.

By the time the Little Engine got to the bottom of the other side of the mountain, there were nine TV camera crews and twenty-three newspaper reporters waiting to interview him. The Little Engine That Could was the lead story on all three networks. A poll taken the next day showed that he had 55 percent name recognition across the United States.

The Little Engine went to New York and signed a contract with the William Morris Agency. He became the first locomotive ever to fly first class on a commercial airline.

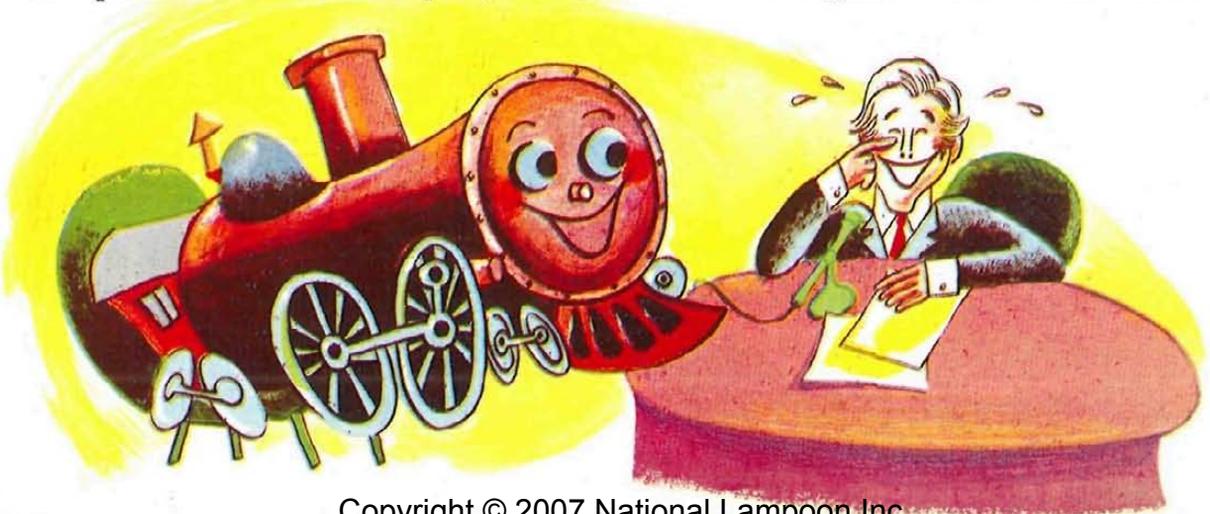
A William Morris agent sold the Little Engine's life story for one million dollars. The package included book, movie, radio, and TV rights. The Little Engine and the agent celebrated at Tavern on the Green.



For the next two weeks, all day long and all night long too, the Little Engine sat in a suite at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel and told his story to A. E. Hotchner. That famous writer was very surprised by what a good memory the Little Engine had. The book was rushed into print.

The publisher of the book sent the Little Engine on a three-week, forty-eight-city publicity tour that began with an interview by Gene Shalit and ended with an appearance on the Johnny Carson show.

Truman Capote, Bianca Jagger, Andy Warhol, and Halston became the Little Engine's best friends. Every night he went with them to dinners and parties and discotheques, where the Little Engine would dance until





dawn. The Little Engine also discovered something to put up his smokestack that gave him even more confidence than ever before.

Soon the Little Engine went to California to star in the movie of his own life. The studio built a roundhouse in Malibu for him, where he had three Filipino oilers and his own personal engineer.

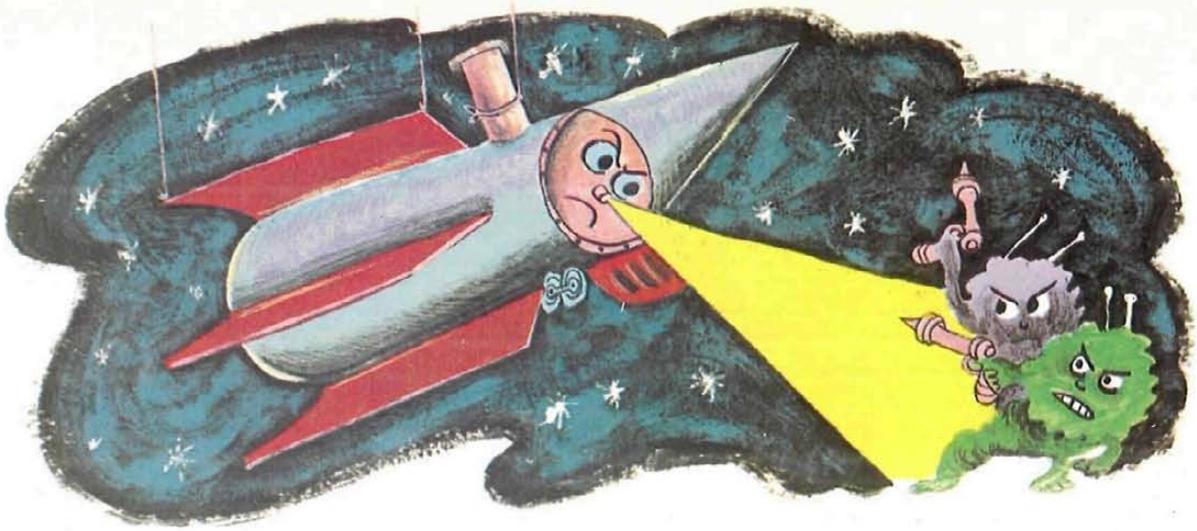
In the movie version, the Little Engine That Could helped all the toys and dolls escape from the Nazis. In a subplot of the movie, a sick Nazi doctor gets into one of the boxcars and mutilates all the dolls. The Little Engine enjoyed working with Stan Dragoti.

The Little Engine met a starlet with great big breasts, and they fell in love. But she got very angry when she found out that the Little Engine lacked a certain piece of equipment. "But I-thought-I-could, I-thought-I-could, I-thought-I-could," said the Little Engine.

The starlet told him to go to an Erhard Seminars Training course to make him into a new liberated engine. But it didn't. It just made his boiler hurt, because he wasn't allowed to blow off steam for eight hours.



The Little Engine's movie did not do well. People said the Little Engine



was no longer bankable. The Little Engine did not know what this meant, but he could not get a table at Mr. Chow's anymore. The Little Engine didn't feel like he had so much confidence after all.

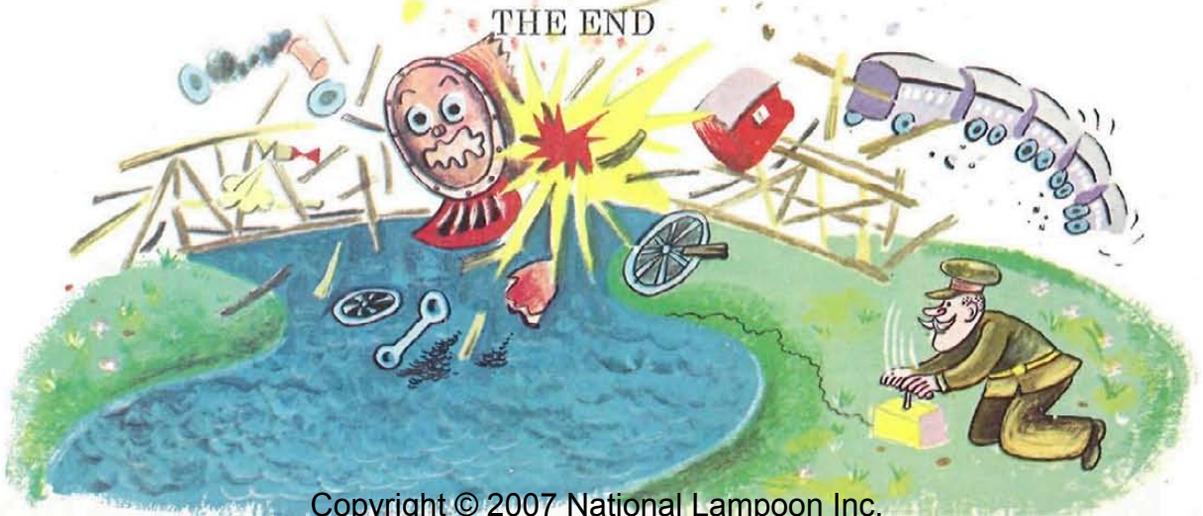
The Little Engine had a two-picture contract. The studio made him play a rocket ship in a science-fiction feature. This movie did not do well either. The Little Engine felt he had been miscast.

Then one night the Little Engine collided with a Mercedes on Sunset Strip. A policeman discovered that the Little Engine had thousands of dollars worth of cocaine in his coal tender. The Little Engine spent the night in the same jail as Linda Blair.

When the Little Engine got out of jail, he asked his agent at William Morris to please find a job for him, any job at all. But the Little Engine didn't hear from his agent for a long long time. Finally the Little Engine's agent called. "Do you think you can handle a small part in the remake of *Bridge on the River Kwai*?" the agent asked.

"I-know-I-can, I-know-I-can, I-know-I-can," said the Little Engine. But he didn't find out what the part was until it was too late.

THE END





She gave...
And gave...
And gave.
Until she had
nothing left
to give.

BETTE MIDLER
ALAN BATES

A MARVIN WORTH/AARON RUSSO PRODUCTION
A MARK RYDELL FILM

THE ROSE

FREDERIC FORREST
PRODUCED BY MARVIN WORTH & AARON RUSSO
DIRECTED BY MARK RYDELL

SCREENPLAY BY BILL KERBY AND BO GOLDMAN
STORY BY BILL KERBY
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER TONY RAY

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY VILMOS ZSIGMOND, A.S.C.



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THE WHO PRESENT "QUADROPHENIA" THE 1979 RECORDING

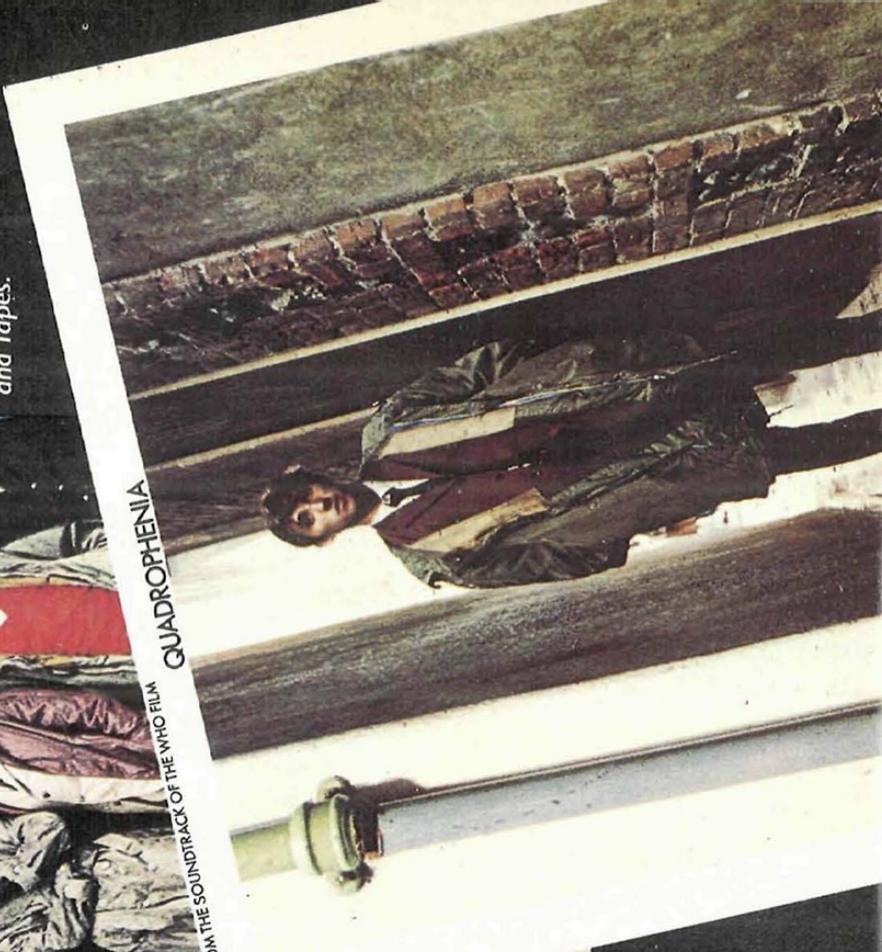
It was a time of excitement and
violence. Mods and rockers. And music. On
the new 2 record set, The Who create the
sound of the times in all their intensity.
Included are all The Who songs, plus
three entirely new songs for the film, "Get
Out, Stevie Out," "Four Faces" and "Joker"
James, and a bonus by the Ronettes, the
Chiffons and James Brown.

**"Quadrophenia" by
The Who. The Original Sound-
track featuring the single "5.15."
Only on Polydor Records
and Tapes.**



QUADROPHENIA

MUSIC FROM THE SOUNDTRACK OF THE WHO FILM



THE WOMAN'S UNDRESS FOR SUCCESS BOOK

Excerpts
from the forthcoming
best-seller by
Gerald Sussman

This is the most important book ever written for women who want to be a success because it is based on both scientific research and the lessons of thousands of years.

The purpose of this book is to show you how to succeed in your chosen line of work by undressing. Of course, I do not propose that women should work in the nude.* That would be ridiculous. What I do mean is that most women do not know how to undress effectively to influence their colleagues and move up the success ladder, especially when most of these colleagues are men.

You Are What You Don't Wear

No matter how businesslike your male colleagues are, no matter how liberated they profess to be, they are all imagining what you look like without your clothes on. Every man you meet on the job is undressing you with his mind. *This is not intended as a sexist statement.* It is a fact of life, substantiated by many years of scientific research data stored in my computer memory banks and thousands of filing cabinets. My conclusions are:

- (1) The business world is no place for a woman to reveal any part of her body.
- (2) Since it is no place for a woman to reveal any part of her body, most men are dying to have her reveal it.

Does this sound contradictory? Of course it is. *Life is contradictory.* Don't you always want what you can't have?

GIVE HIM WHAT HE THOUGHT HE COULD NEVER HAVE: A GLIMPSE OF THE REAL YOU

To paraphrase the cigarette ad, women have come a long way. Real sexual exploitation is largely a thing of the past.** But since most male business colleagues can't exploit you sexually, *they would really like to.* And if you want to achieve success, you should "turn men on." *This is not a sexist approach.* Nor is it a cheap "tease" technique. It is a scientifically developed method of wardrobe manipulation, a method I have developed over many years of testing and consulting with many of America's major corporations. I call it the science of Undressing for Success. Undressing for Success will teach you how to undo your wardrobe to satisfy the fantasies of your male superiors and move you up the ladder to success. In a sense, you will become the exploiter. If this strikes you as contradictory, hypocritical, demeaning, and manipulative, you are wrong. In our acquisitive, success-oriented society, we should be prepared to do anything to get to the top. And you will be far better off if you heed the rules of Undressing for Success.

YOUR UNDRRESSING FOR SUCCESS UNIFORM

If you're going to undress properly, you must start with the proper clothes. There is only one outfit I recommend for business undressing—the skirted suit. Ideally, it should consist of a blazer-type jacket and color-matched skirt. Your best colors are dark gray and blue. Your skirted suit should be worn with a man-tailored white blouse, neutral panty hose, and simple leather pumps of a dark hue.

*Unless they work in a nudist colony!

**Except for a few businesses. Show business (movies, TV, radio), banking, and dope dealing are still sexually abusive to women.

Undressing for Success *does not* mean wearing so-called sexy garments to the office. It *does not* mean clinging designer jeans, tight T-shirts, or short shorts. Our research tells us these outfits are totally unsuitable for the business world and men will lose all respect for you.

One Button Can Make All the Difference

To illustrate a basic rule of Undressing for Success, I conducted an experiment for one of America's largest corporations, American Telephone and Telegraph, better known as AT&T. The purpose of the experiment was to educate that company's chief officers in how their female executives could better themselves through my findings.

I chose two women for the test. For our purposes we'll call them Betty and Bonnie. Betty and Bonnie were equally intelligent, attractive, and ambitious junior executives. They were both competing for a higher-level job and were rated absolutely equal in all attributes needed.

For a period of two weeks I was allowed to dictate to these women exactly what they should wear and not wear. I instructed them to wear virtually identical skirted suits and blouses, the accepted "uniform." Except for one small detail. I told Betty to open four buttons on her man-tailored blouse and Bonnie to open three. Each one would practice the technique called "bending over." At the end of the two-week period, their supervisor had to make a decision on the promotion. Guess who got the job? If you said Betty, you were wrong. I'll explain why.



This is the wrong way to undress for success. Betty has unbuttoned one button too many. Her breasts are practically falling out of her blouse, which denotes a sloppy appearance, a look her supervisor translated into a sloppy attitude toward her work, inefficiency, and immaturity. Betty overdressed. She left nothing for her supervisor's imagination. In effect, she said to him, "How'd you like to squeeze a nice pair of titties, big boy?" In our liberated, enlightened age, this is an insult to his intelligence.

Bonnie is perfectly undressed for success. The smooth, rounded curves of her breasts are partially revealed. When she bends over discreetly her supervisor can also see a bit of her exquisite nipple, just enough for his imagination to take over and create a fantasy of what he'd like to do with those breasts. Bonnie "bends over" in a natural, easy way, reflecting the new liberated sophistication of today's women. The total effect she creates is of a confident, efficient executive, in total control, highly qualified to handle new, challenging duties, and so busy that she accidentally left two blouse buttons open.

As you can see, rule one for Undressing for Success is: *Never undress more than is necessary. One button can make all the difference.*

Incidentally, if you're thinking that I sabotaged the real Betty's chances to get that promotion, I want you to know that the company had another, equally good job ready for her, as a reward for the deliberate "mistakes" I had her make in undressing. She is now undressing correctly and is happier and more successful than ever.

One Leg Up on the Success Ladder

One of the keys to success is, obviously, doing well at a job interview. After all, you can't be successful unless you have a job in the first place. Getting a job and, then, getting better and better jobs is one of the best ways to achieve success in your field.

What most women tend to neglect in a job interview is their legs. Because they are seated across a desk from each other, the applicant and the interviewer usually maintain eye contact from the waist up. It is quite difficult for the interviewer to get a good look at your legs unless he stands up. Besides, the hem of your skirt should be at least an inch or two below your knees.

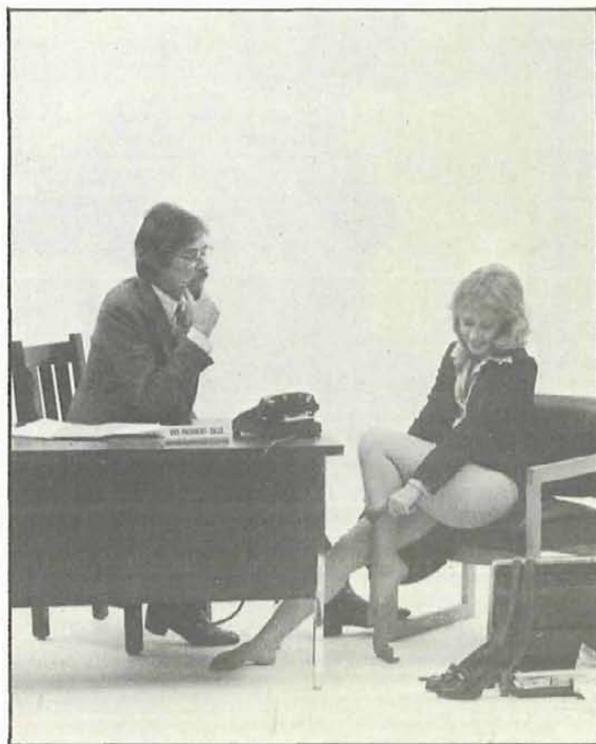
To overcome this problem, you should always go to your job interview with a run in your panty hose. At the point in your talk where you think your interviewer has taken a liking to you, look down at your legs and notice the run in your panty hose. Offer your apologies for the run and immediately open your attaché case and take out your spare (always carry a spare set of panty hose in your attaché case).

Before your interviewer has a chance to say anything, remove the damaged panty hose and slip on a fresh pair. Apologize again for your faux pas and continue the interview as if nothing happened. If you do this properly, you have given your interviewer a look at something he rarely sees—your legs. Right up to the thighs, and even a bit of your bikini panties, which show a nicely rounded mons. Two or three petite pubic hairs protruding from your panties won't do any harm either. Most male executives, in the vice-presidential ranks and higher (especially in the Northeast), like to see a few pubic hairs.

Betty and Bonnie will again illustrate the right and wrong way to get a leg up the ladder of success.



Betty is overselling her legs, which is a dead giveaway on how she will oversell herself on the job, becoming too pushy and aggressive, creating friction and a lack of respect among her male colleagues.



Bonnie shows her legs with a smart combination of professional competence and just a bit of embarrassed shyness or humility to make it all so charming and lighthearted. Again, she gives off an aura of pleasant efficiency and even a sense of humor, as if saying, "No one is perfect. We all get a run in our panty hose once in a while." With this kind of attitude, Bonnie (or you) cannot fail to strike a sympathetic chord with a prospective employer.

"Going All the Way"

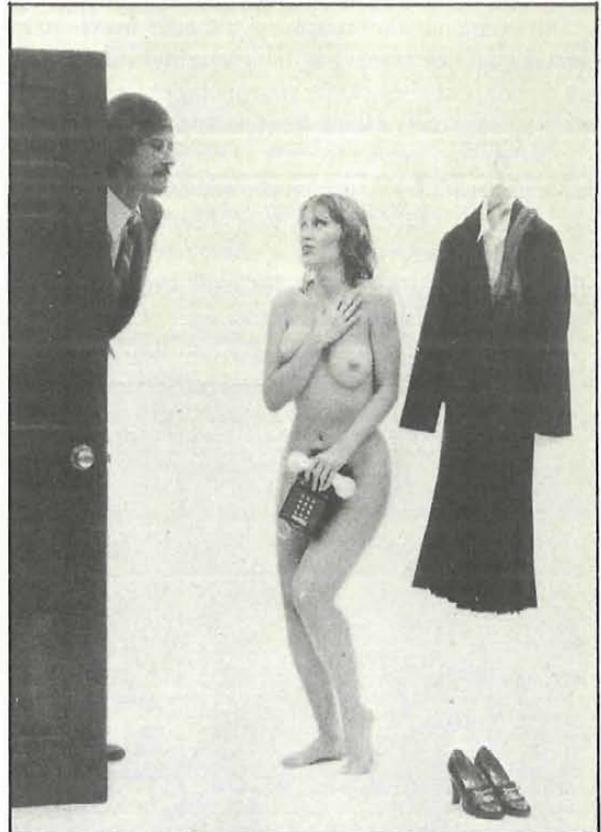
There is one special technique in Undressing for Success that must be saved for the right time and the right situation. Ideally, the situation should involve an appointment you have with a supervisor; a meeting in your office

where you will be doing something important with him, where you will be making important recommendations, where your expertise and skills will be called on. *The only time it should be done is on a rainy day.* Since there are many rainy days in most areas of the US, you shouldn't have much trouble making an important meeting coincide with one of those days.

Why are you waiting for a rainy day? So you can go outside on an "errand" and get your skirted suit, blouse, panty hose, and shoes thoroughly soaked, so thoroughly drenched that you have to remove your entire uniform and have it sent to the "One Hour" dry cleaners for an emergency job. And this is the unfortunate state you are in when your supervisor opens the door for your meeting.



Betty's undressing style is the equivalent of someone who dresses in a loud, vulgar, tasteless manner. This is not the equivalent of undressing for success; it is undressing for failure. Even Betty's legitimate excuse, her wet clothes, will not convince her male colleague, a superior, that she was a hapless victim of circumstance. She stands a good chance of being called on the carpet, even fired.



Bonnie undressed for success perfectly. Knowing that she can't cover her naked body entirely, she makes a naive, instinctive attempt to hide her private parts with the telephone—a charming, almost innocent move. She presents an image that says, "I'm vulnerable at this moment. Don't take advantage of me. Just listen to my plight. Share this funny little secret with me." Her male colleague, an important superior, will recognize this situation. He will sympathize as if he were caught in the rain with her. He will soon develop a genuine rapport with Bonnie, a relationship that I guarantee will help her career tremendously. Bonnie has nowhere to go but right to the top.

Of course, you must apologize profusely for your plight, telling him that your suit will be ready in an hour or so. If you work in an air-conditioned office, your boss will be especially sympathetic. Surely you would catch a death of cold if you had to wear wet clothes.

Naturally, he will be quite surprised to see you entirely naked, and he will rush to your assistance, no doubt offering you his spare raincoat, an old office sweater, anything to cover you up until your clothes come back freshly cleaned and pressed. In the meantime, he will have gotten a good look at your entire body. If this Undressing for Success technique is done properly, it will establish a bond between you and your supervisor that will promote a warmer, more civilized and sophisticated relationship, a true business friendship that will be a tremendous help to your career.

CLOSET AT THE TOP



- TOP CARROLL
- ERNIE COLON
- JOHN WORKMAN

COURTESY PAYS \$10 "THANK YOU"

GROCERY BEE Super-Markets

AAAAH-AHHH!

FARREL, HAVE YOU SEEN MR. PABST? THERE'S BEEN A CUSTOMER INCIDENT IN COURTESY AISLE FIVE!



JESUS, THAT AMMONIA DISPLAY AGAIN!

Courtesy Bee sez:
"The Difference Between SALE and FAIL is the S and the I in SMILE!"

Also: Tests ud. La Bumble Courtes



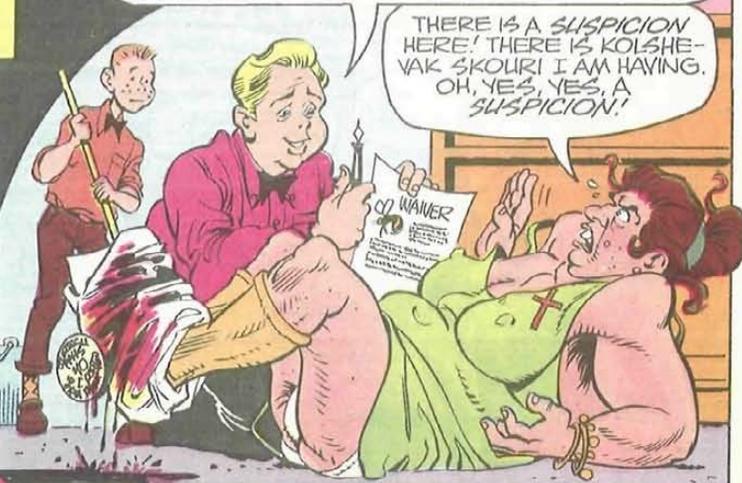
GROCERY BEE'S BACTERIA BEE-GONE
"Condominium Strength"
99¢ AMMONIA

LAND O' AGRICULTURE FIELD FRESH CELERY

UNABLE TO LOCATE THE STORE MANAGER, PRODUCE CLERK FARREL BYRD TOOK CHARGE.

GROCERY BEE SUPERMARKETS LIKES ALL OF ITS VALUED CUSTOMERS TO SIGN OUR COURTESY LIABILITY WAIVER, MA'AM. THANK YOU.

COURTESY SERVICE FORTY!... COURTESY SERVICE FORTY IN COURTESY AISLE NUMBER FIVE!... THANK YOU.



THERE IS A SUSPICION HERE! THERE IS KOLSHEVAK SKOURI I AM HAVING. OH, YES, YES, A SUSPICION!

FARREL'S TIMELY AND RESOURCEFUL ACTION WAS NOT UNNOTICED.

TAKE ALL THE CHARD YOU LIKE, MA'AM, COURTESY OF GROCERY BEE. THANK YOU.

THE NEXT DAY...

COMING SOON
"EASTER IN DECEMBER"
COURTESY DAZE



I AM THANKING GOD MY FOOT IS AN IMPROVEMENT NOW.

FARREL, YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHY I'VE CALLED YOU HERE TO THE COURTESY DESK.

YES, SIR.

I THINK YOU'VE GOT THE MAKINGS OF A GOOD ASSISTANT RELIEF MANAGER. THE JOB'S YOURS, IF YOU WANT IT.

Y-YOU B-B-BET, SIR!
YES, SIR!

I WANT TO RETURN THESE BRAINS. THEY'VE SPOILED.

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE FARREL BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF HIS NEW POSITION. HE LEARNED THE VALUE OF NUANCE—A GESTURE HERE, AN INFLECTION THERE—SUBTLE INDICES OF POWER, MARKING THE NECESSARY DISTANCE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND HIS FORMER PEERS.



FARREL...



ALTHOUGH SOME EMPLOYEES RESENTED FARREL'S NEWLY ACQUIRED MANAGERIAL BEARING, MOST ACCEPTED IT...

...AND SOME EVEN ADMIRRED IT.



CHICKEN ROTISSERIE AND A COKE.

I'LL HAVE THE SAME.

DITTO FOR YOU, FARREL?

NO, NO, OPEN-FACE BEEF FOR ME.

CRASH!

OH, MY...

A FEW MINUTES AFTER CLOSING TIME...

COURTESY CLERK TO COURTESY STAND EIGHT, PLEASE... ON THE DOUBLE.

DARN, FARREL... I'M SHORT AGAIN.

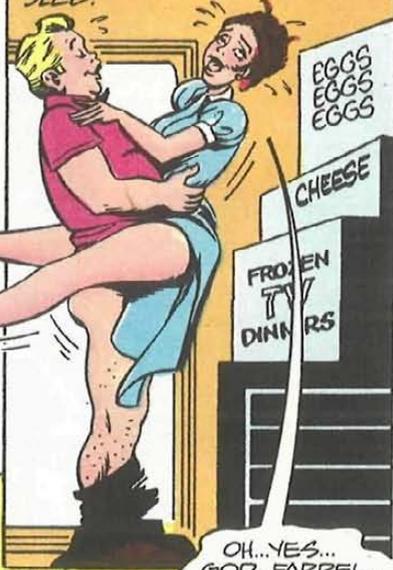


SHORT? FIFTY-THREE CENTS.

GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO... COUNT IT AGAIN.



SUDDENLY THE SPOILS OF SUCCESS, POSITION, AND POWER BARRELED INTO FARREL'S LIFE LIKE A ROCKET SLED.



OH...YES... GOD...FARREL... LINGHH!

DAIRY CASE KEEP DOOR CLOSED AT ALL TIMES

FARREL, YOUR MUSCLES ARE SO TENSE. PRESSURE, HUH?

YEAH, COMES WITH THE TERRITORY.

I'M MARRIED, YOU KNOW.

FORTIFIED BY HIS RISING SELF-IMAGE, FARREL QUICKLY BEGAN TO NAVIGATE IN HIGHER PROFESSIONAL CIRCLES-- WITH MEN WHOSE COMPANY BECAME A FERVIDLY CULTIVATED BADGE OF PRESTIGE.

EARL, THIS IS RED MULHOLLAND. HE'S THE SENIOR COUNTERMAN AT PLAZA AUTO SUPPLY.

ME, TOO. IF YOU'LL MOVE THAT CASE BEHIND YOUR HEAD, I THINK I CAN REACH US SOME ORANGE DRINK.

THE "BREAKFAST BEE"?

OUR BRAND, BABY.

WELL, FARREL, I KNOW EARL HERE. GOLLY, HE SOLD MY WIFE THAT TERRIFIC STEAK KNIFE SET I TOLD YOU ABOUT.

WELL, FINE. SO HOW'S BUSINESS, EVERYBODY?



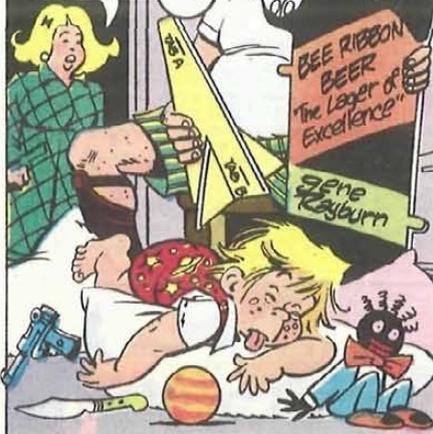
BETWEEN IN-CREASING RESPONSIBILITIES AT WORK AND TIME SPENT WITH HIS NEW ASSOCIATES, FARREL'S HOME LIFE SPLUTTERED.

GOT ANY TIME FOR ME OR THE CHILD?

NO.

BEE RIBBON BEER The Layer of Excellence

GENE KAYBURN

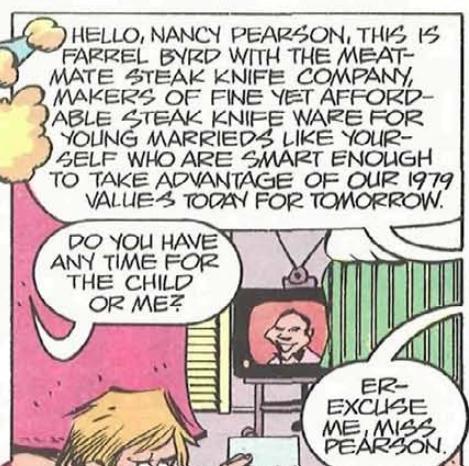


THE FOLLOWING DAY...

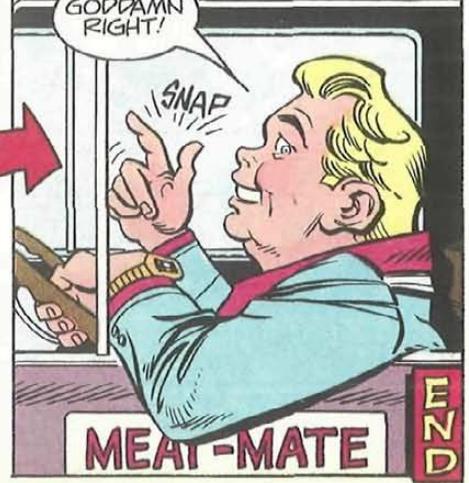
AS YOU KNOW, OUR ANNUAL "EASTER IN DECEMBER" COURTESY DAZE CELEBRATION BEGINS TODAY.

AND HERE ARE YOUR COURTESY VESTS. MR. FABST WILL BE HERE IN A MINUTE, EVERYONE, SO LET'S LOOK SHARP.





LATER, IN THE PARKING LOT OUTSIDE THE MEAT-MATE DISTRICT SALES OFFICE, A STRANGER APPEARED IN FARREL'S CAR.



I JUST WANTED TO CONGRATULATE YOU. ASIDE FROM THAT ONE MISTAKE IN THE DAIRY CASE, YOU'VE MADE THE RIGHT MOVES, AND MADE THE RIGHT FRIENDS. YOU'RE A NATURAL, FARREL. YOU'LL BE ASSOCIATE GROUP SALES COORDINATOR HERE IN SIX MONTHS AT THE MOST.



Pick a pack!

JOB has your size.

JOB DOUBLE-WIDTH

Fine white, pure gummed **JOB** cigarette paper. The generous paper for those who formerly glued two papers together.

JOB 1.5™ MIDDLE-WIDTH

Popular **JOB 1.5™** cigarette paper cut a bit smaller than a double-wide for less waste and bulk. The perfect size.

JOB 1.25™ PRECISION-WIDTH™

The precise amount of paper for the seasoned roller, cut bigger than a single-wide, yet smaller than **JOB 1.5™**.

JOB SINGLE-WIDTH

Traditional single-width in a Classic **JOB** White/Gold Softpack or **JOB** Cutcorners easy-roll notched corners.

TRY 'EM OR BUY 'EM LIMITED OFFER

Try your favorite size **JOB** cigarette papers at home! Choose a specially priced **JOB** 24-pack or 4-pack sampler* sent post-paid directly to you.

Complete and mail coupon with payment. Quickest delivery with money-order, cashier's or certified check (un-certified checks must clear bank prior to shipping; no stamps or coins, please; sorry no C.O.D.'s). Offers limited; void where prohibited. Limit one sampler or box per family, please. Act today!

*Sampler includes one pack new **JOB 1.25™**, two packs **JOB 1.5™**, and one pack **JOB** double-width cigarette papers.

Please send the following item. I am over 21 years of age.

- | | | | |
|---|-----------------|--|-----------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> JOB Double-width cigarette papers 24-pack | \$9.60 \$ _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> JOB Single-width 55s Classic White 24-pack | \$7.20 \$ _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JOB 1.5™ Middle-width cigarette papers 24-pack | \$9.60 \$ _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> JOB Single-width Cutcorners 25-pack | \$7.50 \$ _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JOB 1.25™ Precision-width™ cigarette papers 24-pack | \$9.60 \$ _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> JOB Favorite Hits 4-pack cigarette paper sampler | \$1.00 \$ _____ |

TOTAL (Check enclosed) Includes postage & handling \$ _____

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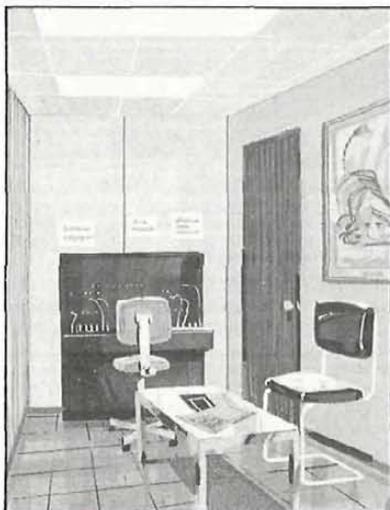
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NLP-7912-1

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE RECEPTION

BY JOHN BENDEL

One route to success in America is through business. Indeed, all routes to success in America are through business (as some of our younger readers who believe they can reap their fortunes as minicam video documenters of new-wave rock-art improvisations will soon find out). Now, while you're in the process of achieving this success, you'll find yourself doing a lot of one thing: sitting in reception areas. This is because all business consists of either selling something to someone or getting someone to hire you to sell something to someone else. (All the rest—the mining, manufacturing, and shipping—is just busy work.) And in order to sell something to someone or get someone to hire you to sell something to someone else, you're going to have to sit in their reception areas until you want to die.



Cheap Reception Area

A small open space between the switchboard and the door in an open office. Consists of one molded plastic coffee table and a chrome-and-vinyl dinette chair. There's a poster on the wall of a lion under the headline "Around Here, the Customer Is King."

Business: Clothing manufacturing, office supplies, security services, industrial adhesives, wholesale cosmetics, toxic warehousing, low-class publishing.

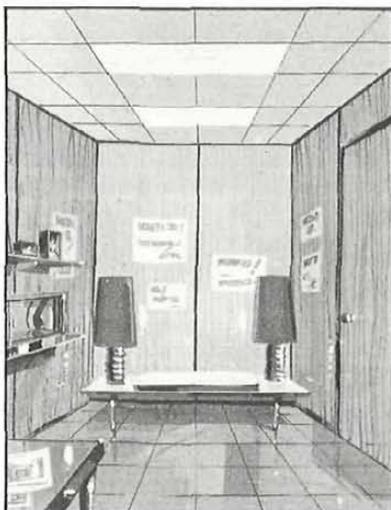
Magazines: *Industry Week*, *Rubber Age*, *Traffic Management*, *Solid Waste Management*, *Women's Wear Daily*. (All at least six months out of date.)

Receptionist: Three-hundred-pound Italian lady who needs a shave, chews gum, and has fan photos of Barry Manilow and Tom Jones taped all over the switchboard console. Wears sweat socks, flat shoes, floral-print pantsuit, and monogrammed eyeglasses with dark tint.

Company Profile: This is a cheap company. The boss won't part with a dime and would sell his mom for less. He shops the car washes with his filthy Cadillac and wears closeout-sale leisure suits and disco fashions. His hairpiece looks like a fur hat.

Advice to Salesmen: He buys by price alone but will consider kickbacks, free lunches, broads, ball tickets, and pornographic sales handouts.

Advice to Job Applicants: Hires only blacks, Hispanics, ex-cons, illegal aliens. Pays minimum wage or less, and workers stay an average of one week. Has standing order for warm bodies at the state employment office.



Family Company Reception Area

Lobby is about the size of a suburban walk-in closet, paneled, with a two-seat/table combo in blond veneer. Receptionist/switchboard operator is behind a wall and a one-by-two sliding glass window you have to crouch to see through.

Business: Metal stampings, plastic injection molding, socket-wrench distribution, electroplating, dental supplies, printing, trucking.

Magazines: *U.S. News & World Report*, *Nation's Business*, *Business Week*. (All out of date.)

Receptionist: Recently divorced, twenty-nine-year-old Libra with heavy makeup. Drives a Toyota, has a CB handle. Just invested alimony check in a chain letter. Is talking with friend on the phone whenever you get there.

Company Profile: This is a family-owned company, probably in the second generation. The boss spends all his time in Aspen because he watched the business kill his old man and wants no part of it. Management on the premises lives in fear of his unannounced arrival and is passionately devoted to the status quo.

Advice to Salesmen: Will talk to you and smile, but will only give you business if another supplier dies.

Advice to Job Applicants: Prefers blond people in neutral-color clothing with degrees from community colleges and night schools. Will hire minorities, but only immediately after equal-opportunity inspection, then can't tell them apart; so, first come, first hired.

ON AREAS OF AMERICAN BUSINESSES



Big Business Reception Area

Receptionist sits at a decorative antique desk in the center of the room and polishes her nails between visitors. Seating arranged around polished tables for conversation, but no one speaks. Everyone smiles, though, even the security guard; and the carpet is so thick you can hardly find your shoes.

Business: Toothpaste, laxatives, automobiles, oil, telephones, airplanes, computers, copy machines, drugs, insurance, investing, soft drinks.

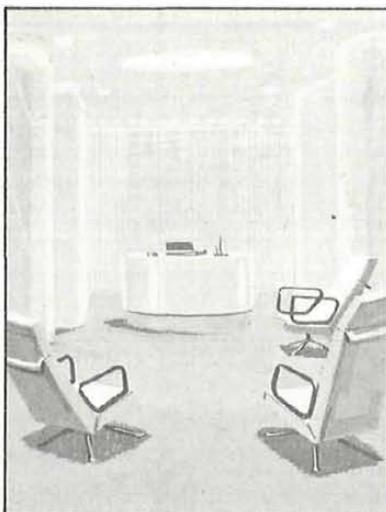
Magazines: *People*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Life*, *Fortune*, and *Herb Ireland's Sales Prospector*. (All current.)

Receptionist: Girl next door with permanent, paste-on smile, and a certificate from corporate receptionist seminar. Loves her job because of all the interesting people she meets.

Company Profile: Absolutely everybody everywhere knows this company and its products because of the billions it has spent on prime-time-TV advertising. This is the big time.

Advice to Salesmen: Has lengthy procedure for sales encounters and will ask for written proposals to help meet sales-proposal quotas, but no business. If you could sell these guys anything, you'd already be a vice-president.

Advice to Job Applicants: Prefers neat-looking, articulate Caucasians with Ivy League degrees. Pay is good, so the company gets what it wants. Also on the lookout for Caucasian-featured black women who help meet two quotas without breaking bone-structure continuity.



Drop-Dead Reception Area

Super slick. Looks like a *Star Wars* set or maybe the inside of a coffee can. Doorknobs, water fountains, and other fixtures are hard to find, since everything blends into a sea of white, chrome, or whatever. Receptionist looks like anchor lady on evening news.

Business: Design, architecture, entertainment, advertising, cosmetics, airlines.

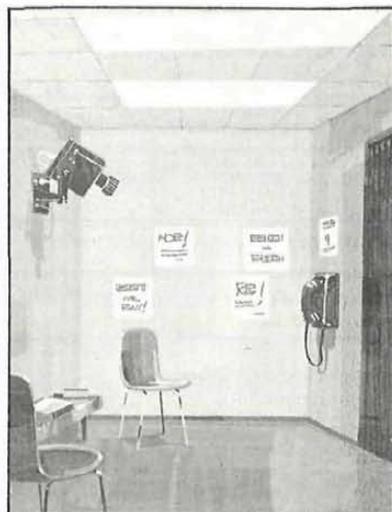
Magazines: *Variety*, *Realités*, *Black Enterprise*, *Paris-Match*, *Der Spiegel*, *Scientific American*, *Cashbox*.

Receptionist: Former Miss Rangoon, born of missionary parents, speaks seven languages, worked for the UN, is writing a book, turns eight-hundred-dollar tricks, and hates you on sight.

Company Profile: This is the glamour company. Everybody wants in.

Advice to Salesmen: There's just no telling here. They might import absolutely everything they need from their home office in Milan, but, then, they might just buy by price alone. If so, watch out. They probably don't pay their bills.

Advice to Job Applicants: Race, religion, education, ability mean nothing here; grooming and haughtiness mean everything. If you possess the ineffable quality of making normal people feel like human sewage, you might have a chance. Otherwise, leave quietly; this place is not for you.



Unattended Reception Area

A wood-paneled cubicle, a phone on the wall, and a sign that says "Visitors Dial '0'." In one corner is a TV camera that follows you wherever you move.

Business: Liquor distribution, jewelry, restaurant supplies, pinball machines, contracting, electronic-surveillance equipment.

Magazines: *Reader's Digest*, *National Geographic*, *Yankee Trails*, *Smithsonian*, various airline and credit-card publications.

Receptionist: Disembodied, slightly hostile voice on the telephone.

Company Profile: Security—or perhaps insecurity—is very important here. There are three basic possibilities: 1) there's lots of valuable stuff inside, 2) the guys who run the place play for keeps, 3) they are really pushovers who try at all costs to avoid eye contact.

Advice to Salesmen: Good potential here. If you can get an appointment with someone on the other side of the TV camera, you've got a good chance to do business. They always pay their bills, too.

Advice to Job Applicants: Unless you've been personally referred to this place, forget it. If they don't already know you, they don't want to.

OBJECTS IN RECEPTION AREAS, WHAT THEY MEAN, AND

Objects	Cheap Reception Areas	Family Company Reception Areas	Big Business Reception Areas	Drop-Dead Reception Areas
Sign: "Beware of Dog"	✓			
Sign: "Salesmen by Appointment Only"	✓	✓		
Sign: "No Soliciting or Distributing Literature"	✓	✓	✓	
Sign: "Personnel Side Door"		✓	✓	
Portrait of Founder		✓	✓	✓
Aerial Photos of Office, Plant Warehouse		✓	✓	✓
Company Philosophies, Business Creeds		✓	✓	✓
Visitors' Badges			✓	✓
Annual Report			✓	✓
Car-Pool Charts			✓	
Guest Registers		✓	✓	✓

PEOPLE WHO WILL BE WAITING IN RECEPTION AREAS W

Type of Person	In Cheap Reception Areas	In Family Company Reception Areas
Male: Custom pinstriped suit; designer accessories... understated, but posh; athletic build.	Not seen here.	Job applicant, recently canned from much bigger company. (Won't get job—intimidates interviewer.)
Male: Clearance-sale coordinates, out-of-date tie. Bald spot. Vinyl attaché case. Sweats a lot. Overweight.	Insurance adjuster. (Will take bribe, process claim.)	Selling industrial chemicals, computer services, printing. (Visibly relieved when purchasing agent can't see him.)
Male: Iridescent double-knit sport coat, hand-painted flamingo silk tie, pink shirt, pants with grease spots. Short.	Job applicant for warehouse foreman position. (Will be hired and quit in one week.)	Union delegate. (Hasn't won an arbitration ever, but takes book and is everyone's pal.)
Female: Calvin Klein jeans, silk blouse, frizzed hair, genuine-leather attaché case, rings on four fingers. Slender.	Boss's daughter, gets money from dad. (Keeps her boyfriend in coke and 'ludes. Gives good head.)	Boss's girl friend. (Gives good head.)
Female: Mint-green polyester pantsuit, sleeveless blouse, matching pin and earring set. Hair combed behind ears. Fat.	Boss's wife. (Here to beg for a few bucks from petty cash for new shoes. Will get enough for a cheap pair.)	Job applicant: clerk, bookkeeper, switchboard operator. (Will not get the job.)
Female: Disco leotard with matching wrap skirt, five-inch heels, long feathered hair, purple fingernails. Missing one front tooth. Bony.	Boss's girl friend. (Scratches and bites, but fucks in the car to save on motel.)	Here to pick up husband/boyfriend's paycheck. (He beat her up, is in jail for thirty days.)
Male: Sears jeans, Grateful Dead T-shirt, sweatband. Tall, skinny, with long stringy hair, vacant stare, and natural slouch.	Job applicant: warehouse laborer. (Gets job, someone steals his wallet. Quits same day.)	Job applicant: van driver. (Gets job. Sells loose joints on side. Falls asleep in van at lunch, wakes up at 6:30 P.M. Fired.)
Male: Khaki pants, plaid shirt, Mack Truck baseball cap, steel-toed shoes, crew cut, beer belly; no neck at all, just square head attached directly to monster shoulders.	Not seen here.	Job applicant, laid off from regular job operating pile driver. (Will stomp out when they tell him a day's pay here is close to his regular hourly rate.)

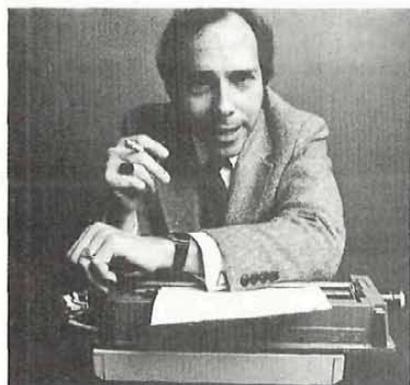
WHAT TYPE OF RECEPTION AREAS THEY ARE FOUND IN

Unattended Reception Areas	Meaning
	Used to be a guard-dog service until boss came back to office at 11 PM. to get laid and got bitten instead. Kept sign to keep unruly applicants in line.
✓	Doesn't really mean anything.
✓	Usually means place is nonunion and intends to stay that way. Also means Hare Krishnas, Moonies, Seventh Day Adventists, Boy Scouts, or anyone looking for money should get lost.
	Low pay, high turnover. They don't want riffraff on their carpet.
	(A) He was a celebrity. (B) He was so mean in life, they're still afraid of him. (C) He's still alive, missing people from his retirement condo in Florida.
✓	Denotes megalomania, delusions of grandeur.
✓	This company has been in trouble, wants to show everyone it has reformed.
✓	Serve no purpose, but make good souvenirs.
	It was a good year.
	Brownie points for the PR department.
	Sign in as a terrorist. No one reads them except nosy salesmen looking for competitors' names.

WITH YOU AND WHO THEY ARE

In Big Business Reception Areas	In Drop-Dead Reception Areas	In Unattended Reception Areas
Selling TV time, drop forges, combat aircraft. (Will make a sale, celebrate by pigging out on Wild Turkey Manhattans.)	President of competing firm, here to fix prices. (Will make a deal, go to play golf at Hilton Head.)	Not seen here.
Computer repairman. (Will fix, but not for long.)	Outside auditor. (Will be butt of jokes and subtle cruelties for duration of stay.)	Federal inspector from OEO, ICC, SEC, etc. (Will talk endlessly, bore everyone to lunacy, then go away. No net changes.)
Selling maintenance chemicals, office supplies, waste-disposal services, advertising novelties. (Flammable breath.)	Not seen here.	Not seen here.
Model waiting for look-see. (Will get job. Gives good head.)	Talent agent who could bop around and sell you. (Likes passionate encounters in airline rest rooms.)	Job applicant: clerk, bookkeeper, switchboard. (Just what they're looking for.)
Arranging tour/donation for Cub Scouts, (PR director hates Cub Scout tours, will promise check, send lady home in tears.)	Not seen here.	Job applicant: forklift driver. (Gets hired, but punches out bookkeeper in ladies' room. Fired.)
Job applicant: assembly line. (Will get job, wear white dress and hair net, screw around with foreman, and pilfer product.)	Not seen here.	Job applicant: forklift driver. (Gets hired, destroys forklift, gets fired.)
Not seen here.	Makes delivery: van driver for messenger service. (Also sells drugs to art/talent/design staff.)	Trucker waiting for COD check.
Independent trucker looking for contract. (Looks stupid enough, gets one.)	Model waiting for look-see. (Perfect for beer commercial, gets job.)	Security stakeout to guard office supplies from employees, lobby magazines from visitors. (Only white cop ever busted from Philadelphia force.)

LADDER OF EIGHT RUNGS TALK ABOUT MAKING IT SUCCESS



ROD CRAMER

CHICAGO, ILL.

In terms of success—straight-arrow American Dream success—I have it about three and a half times over. I'm thirty-two years old and I'm doing what I love—writing. I make more money writing commercials than most people on the coast make writing TV and movies. That's the straight shit, man. Truth. The average salary of your ordinary garden-variety Hollywood writer is—I shit you not—something like thirteen thousand beans per annum. Some dudes like Bill Goldman and Robert Towne make the seven-figure change, but the ordinary dorkus makes cigar money compared to what I make, and they call me a dipstick. I was making my age by twenty-five; and if the agency gets Pizza Hut, I'll make a hundred thousand tacos this year. That's okay with me. So, let's talk about the coast. It's the place to end up as a writer. It's the yellow-brick-road syndrome, right? Okay, I'll do it. I've got a screenplay in my drawer—my secretary typed it up about three weeks ago—it's ready to go. I've been working on it since I started on the Dial Soap account, so it's there. The director I shot a lot of Sears tire stuff with—he's looking for a property to get into features with—looked at it and he says it's dynamite. So what? I'm an asshole who makes a lot of money writing commercials, so what do I know

about movies? A commercial is a mini-movie. A writer has to be very precise and exacting. You should see all the writers who can't do commercials. You know, Aldous Huxley tried, said it was beyond his ken. So it's good training. Anyway, I figure by the end of the winter, maybe around March, I'll take a leave of absence and take off for the coast and sell the screenplay and do that for a while. I think the screenplay will sell fast and for a good buck. It's called *Ad Shop*. It's about the agency business. It's really good. And accurate. Really accurate."



MARIETTE GARLAND

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

Thank God for disco! I have to admit that, like, my career was sort of, well... slowing down? You know? I was doing, like, Fleetwood Mac and John Denver and, like, Carly Simon, and if I had to do 'You're So Vain' one fucking more time, I swear I woulda gone back to HFC in Milwaukee and said fuck to my singing career, you know. But then, like, all of a sudden I'm going, What is this incredible sound? And, like, it's disco. And so, like, along with this new music there's all these great clothes, and I go, Sex is back in lounge singing! You know, and that's cool. So blah blah blah... Who am I? Well, I'm a singer, you know, and I'm real close now, because it was important for me to get out of Milwaukee. I'm on the line, you

know. That's why I'm at the Sheraton Universal, you know. Because a lot of big-shot TV and movies guys come here; like, Fred DeCordova was here. He's Johnny Carson's agent or writer or something, and anyway he liked my singing a lot. You know? And, like, I think he maybe'll put me on the 'Tonight' show, and that's all I need. Disco has helped. I'm glad for it, and I get pissed at people who want to kill it, you know, 'cause if music ever goes back to dumpy clothes, I'm out of luck."



J. TROY BAKER

BOSTON, MASS.

Some fear that fame will consume me. Bullshit. I will risk the chance that I will perish to practice my craft until the last breath escapes over these lips. Television disgusts me. It is offal. I am currently playing Cabot in *Desire Under the Elms* at the Eugene Cernan School of Theater. The stage, of course, is where actors, true actors, belong. That is where I work. Broadway is a goal of sorts. But that street will seek me out. The way I work is to open my soul to the whimpers of humanity, then return those whimpers as roars of strength and courage. I also method act a lot."



CHERYL GUNTERWALD

DAVENPORT, IOWA

Let's get one thing straight. I know that dancing is a very demanding field, very hard to break into, almost impossible to do professionally. I feel very sorry for people who won't make it, because, coming as far as I have,

I can imagine how disappointing it must be to have to face the fact that all your lessons, all your parents' money, your time and devotion, were, you know, in vain, and that's very sad. But anyhow, right now I'm playing Cassie in *A Chorus Line* at the Turkey Run Dinner Theater here in Davenport. I started tap at just five years old; I took ballet, figure skating; I did a lot of modern dance in high school and junior college. I also do ballroom, square, and disco dancing. I won Saturday Night Fever Night Disco Challenge at the Ez-on-Down-the-Road Disco so often that they got sick of giving me free beer and made it so I can't enter anymore. That's only fair. Give someone else a chance. What's next? New York or maybe LA. I'm semi in love with a guy here; and until I'm sure I *don't* love him, New York and LA will have to wait. They'll get by. Just kidding. No, I'll do it. Everybody says, 'Cheryl, when are you going to be on TV? When are you going to be on Broadway? When are you going to be in ballet?' I tell them, Hold your horses! I'm only twenty-nine!"



RICKY KRUGERSON

ST. LOUIS, MO.

My senior year of high school I hit twenty-two home runs. Remember now, wise ass, that we only played eighteen games; so figure it out. That's a fuckin' record till the end of time. I am a legend at Saint Sebastian, man. I did likewise in college, man. And I got drafted by the Toronto Blue Jays in my sophomore year, and I go to Medicine Hat, way the holy fuck up in fuckin' Alberta, Canada, man, and I played like horseshit. It was the fuckin' infield. It was like retards laid it out. I couldn't field, and I'm a warm-weather ballplayer and it *don't* get warm up there. So I played shit and got dumped. So, I get some cash together and I pay my way down to Lakeland for spring training, and I hook on with the Tigers and I play aces, man. I hit the ball a fuckin' ton! But then I got in a fight with Ron LeFlore, and he separated my shoulder, and there goes the '78 season. But I've been working all fall and I

feel great. I got a hypnotist now, and I don't eat no meats or eggs. I figure next year it's Ricky Kruger, MVP, Rookie of the Year, first time since Freddie Lynn."



VERONICA DEFORD

CHICAGO, ILL.

My idol is Bev Johnson, the model. She is beautiful. I'm tall, and that is real good. Short models just can't be models. I work very hard at modeling. I am taking modeling lessons at the Denise Clairmont School of Modeling Culture on South State Street. I am also a sales personnel at Wiebolt's in the Loop in the makeup department. I learn about makeup and I am earning pay to pay for education in being a model. I have real high-up cheekbones, and that's what a young lady needs. Soon as I graduate I will be in magazines and be in TV commercials on TV. That's what Denise says, and she is a professional modeling teacher. I am looking forward, very much, to my career as a model!"



DAVE RICH

BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

My basic gig is with the Congregation. We're an improv group. We perform on weekends at the Comedy Dump. The CD is sort of like Second City, but it's in Detroit, so it's like a Third City. We don't do gags, we do bits. I observe life and then I take off from there. My parents were divorced, and I spent a lot of time all alone in my room, like Robin Williams and Andy Kaufman did. My goal is to do comedy full time. I want it to be my job. Right

now I work at Jack Tatum and Associates. We put together demo tapes for car stereos. I hate it. That's one reason why I work so hard at comedy. I have a grand saved up for next spring. I'm going to take my vacation in LA. A guy I went to MSU with is out there working on a pilot for ABC or NBC or CBS or possibly for syndication. I'm going to meet some of his connections. Connections are very important in comedy. I've got talent. Like, I'm better than Garrett Morris, and I'm equal to Bill Murray, and it wouldn't take long for me to get up on a par with Aykroyd and Belushi. But it's the connections. Also, I'll get an agent. Then I'll come back to Detroit, walk into Tatum's office, and tell the fat ass to get fucked, because I don't need his job. That will be a great day for me. I can't wait."



BRUTUS

SHAKOPEE, MINN.

We used to be called the Trucks, but then the Cars got big, so we changed our name to Brutus. We waited until we used up all our cards and bumper stickers and posters that had Trucks on it and we had new ones made with Brutus on it. Brutus is a good name. Brutus was the guy who killed Cleopatra...no, Caesar. The Ides of March used to be a band, and they had to do with Julius Caesar. Brutus was also the guy who followed Bluto in the Popeye cartoons. The new cartoons have Brutus, instead of Bluto, but anyway, what kind of band are we? We're not really new wave and we're not really not new wave. We're rock 'n' roll, but not like Ted Nugent is rock 'n' roll, or Van Halen, but sometimes we can sound like Van Halen, but never like Ted Nugent. We sound sort of like Suzi Quatro if she was a guy. Last year we recorded a record. It was called "Clock Bop," and it was real big in the Twin Cities area. Our manager has our demo tapes, and he's going to take them to London, to Sriff Records, to Elvis Costello's company. We're booked solid all winter with schools and clubs, but by summer we should have a contract with a major label. It took the Beatles, what, five years? The Stones, six, seven? We've put in eleven years, so we're due!"



UNIVERSAL PICTURES PRESENTS
AN ASPEN FILM SOCIETY
WILLIAM E. MCEUEN-DAVID V. PICKER PRODUCTION
A CARL REINER FILM

STEVE MARTIN in
The JERK

also starring **BERNADETTE PETERS** **CATLIN ADAMS** and **JACKIE MASON** as Harry Hartounian in **THE JERK**
Written by **STEVE MARTIN, MICHAEL ELIAS, CARL GOTTLIEB** and **CARL REINER**
Produced by **DAVID V. PICKER** and **WILLIAM E. MCEUEN** Directed by **CARL REINER**

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Coming For Christmas



Buster Snellings III, Dope Millionaire



HI!

I'M BUSTER
SNELLINGS
THE THIRD...

HERE.

SMOKE
THIS.

I WAS DRIVING TRUCK-
LOADS OF TOMATOES
UP THE COAST FOR
TWO YEARS... BUT THE
GUILT REALLY GOT TO
ME, YOU KNOW?

I SAID TO MYSELF, "THESE
THINGS ARE FULL OF BUG
POISON AND THEY TASTE
LIKE MOTHBALLS ON
ACCOUNT OF THE
CHEMICAL FERTILIZERS
THEY USE... AND I
COULD BE MAKING
A LOT MORE BREAD
HAULING SOMETHING THAT
MAKES PEOPLE A
LOT HAPPIER."

MY FIRST
SHIPMENT
CAME OVER
FROM 'NAM IN
A BODY BAG...
AND NOW I HIRE
FUCKIN' BRINK'S
TO MOVE MY
PRODUCT ONCE
IT'S IN THE
COUNTRY.

HEY... YOU GOT
A DIME?
I GOTTA MAKE A
PHONE CALL FROM
THE PAY PHONE
DOWN THE STREET.



HERE, MAN... THESE LINES ARE FOR YOU.



YOU KNOW... I NEVER USED TO DO BUSINESS WITH JEWS... THEN I LEARNED A LITTLE SECRET...



ALWAYS WEAR GOLD CHAINS WHEN YOU DEAL WITH 'EM.



AND I WEAR THIS PLATINUM ROLEX... EVERYBODY ELSE THINKS IT'S JUST ALUMINUM... BUT IT'LL IMPRESS A JEW.



I DON'T DEAL WITH ITALIANS IF I CAN AVOID IT... THEY'RE TOO STUPID. I WENT TO MEET ONE ON THE DOCKS LAST WEEK...



I WAS DRESSED FOR HIS GAME... SHIRT OPEN, GUN SHOWING... I WALKED UP TO HIS VAN... AND THE GUY WAS SITTING THERE... PLAYIN' WITH HIS DICK!



HE KNEW I WAS COMING... AND I WAS RIGHT ON TIME. AND THERE HE WAS... LOOKIN' OUT FOR NUMBER ONE... STUPID ITALIAN.



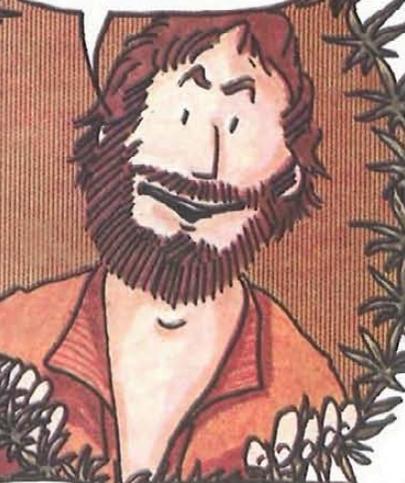
MORE FOOTSKY?



THIS IS MY BOAT... THE WHITE RABBIT... THAT'S GRACE SLICK.



HEY... YOU GOT A NOSE LIKE A FUCKIN' ELECTROLUX!



HOW DO YA LIKE MY NEW MERCEDES?



I HAD IT CUSTOMIZED.

MAKIN' MONEYS EASY... IT'S CLASS THAT'S HARD TO COME BY...



THAT'S WHY THERE'S A MAFIA...



'CAUSE THE ITALIANS COULDN'T GET INTO HARVARD.



THEY SAID, "OKAY. YOU GUYS GOT A LOT OF MONEY?"



YOU GOT ANOTHER DIME?



I'LL BE BACK IN TEN MINUTES.



HEY... YOU WANNA FIND OUT WHAT DAY YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S PERIOD FALLS ON IN DECEMBER, 1999?... NICE TOY, HUH?... KEEPS MY ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE, INVENTORY, AND COMPUTES EVERY PEAK BUD SEASON IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

LOOK AT THE FUCKIN' RAINBOW IN THIS.

THIS BLOW IS LIKE... 90 PERCENT FLAKE ROCK CRYSTAL.

THIS IS MY RACQUET BALL COURT AND FIRING RANGE...



I'VE GOT SOME FINE WEAPONS... BUT THEY'RE SORT OF HARD TO GET TO...

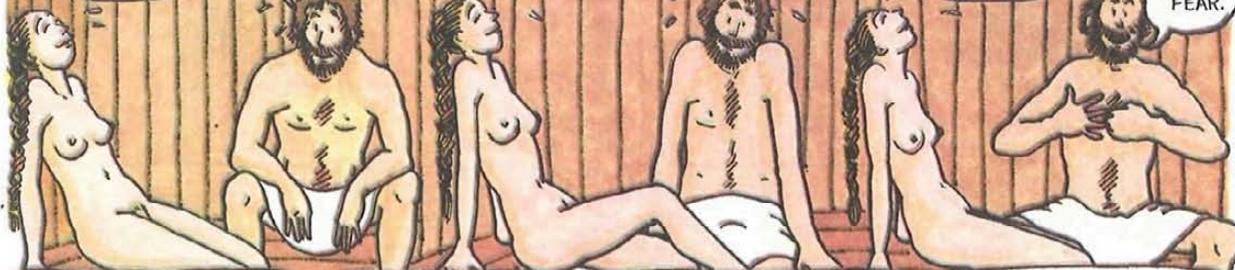
THEY'RE UNDER THE BED... NEXT TO THE CASH.

OF COURSE, I DON'T HAVE ALL THAT MUCH SURPLUS CAPITAL.

MOST OF IT'S IN CITRUS.

WHAT I REALLY WANT TO DO IS PHASE OUT THE IMPORT BUSINESS AND GET INTO DOMESTIC PRODUCT...

THEN I CAN COOL OUT AND HAVE A LITTLE FARM WHERE BABY SEALS CAN LIVE WITHOUT FEAR.



I'M A SOLID CITIZEN, MAN... I HAVE A GOOD RELATIONSHIP WITH THE LOCAL POLITICIANS... AND I OWN A FEW COPS...

BUT MY BROTHER DOES MOST OF THE HEAVY WORK...

HE'S NOT MELLOW AT ALL... HE EVEN WIPED OUT ONE DUDE WHO SOLD US A BAD BATCH OF CHEECH AND CHONG ALBUMS.

NEXT ON HIS LIST IS THAT LITTLE WORM WHO KEEPS HITTING ME UP TO CONTRIBUTE TO NORML... FUCKIN' BLACKMAIL.



HELL, NO... LEGALIZE WEED? ...AND HAVE R.J. REYNOLDS AND SALEM STEP ALL OVER MY ACTION?...

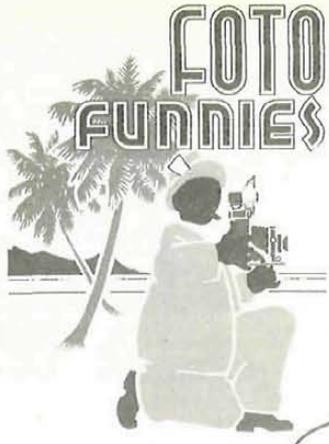
ALL MY PROFITS'D END UP BEING TAXES FOR THE GOVERNMENT.

I'D HAVE TO GO BACK TO PEDDLING NITROUS OXIDE TO STEWARDESSES.

UH... I GOTTA BORROW ANOTHER DIME...



©79 SHARY KLENNIKEN



In the Women's Sauna



EXCUSE ME, SOME OF THE OTHER BOSOMS SUGGESTED I TALK TO YOU.

HMM?



YOU SEE, I'M...WE'RE PREGNANT.

OH, CONGRATULATIONS! YOU MUST BE THRILLED!



ACTUALLY I'M WORRIED. IS IT TRUE I'M GOING TO TURN BROWN?

YOUR NIPPLES WILL, AND YOU'LL DOUBLE IN SIZE!



AND BIG BLUE VEINS WILL POP UP, AND IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL, YOUR NIPPLES CAN DRY OUT AND CRACK.

VEINS!? CRACK!?



AND, OF COURSE, YOU'LL FILL UP WITH MILK. AND YOU'LL LOOK HUGE AND FIRM.

OOO! THAT'LL BE FUN!



BUT THEN AFTERWARD THE MILK GOES AWAY AND YOU'LL SAG AND DROOP. BUT AT LEAST MEN WON'T BOTHER YOU ANYMORE.

BUT, I LIKE TO BE BOTHERED.



WELL, ANYWAY, NURSING IS A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE. EXCEPT WHEN THE LITTLE ONE STARTS TO TEETHE. THAT'S KIND OF ROUGH.

TEETHE? DROOP? BIG BLUE VEINS? EXCUSE ME, THERE'S A UTERUS I HAVE TO TALK TO. HEY! UTERUS! UTERUS!

A MODERN CHRISTMAS CAROL

With Apologies to Chuck Dickens

Chapter 1

Marley was in a nursing home. There was no doubt whatsoever about that. Scrooge used Marley's own lawyer to have him committed. Scrooge and Marley were partners for I don't know how many years, and now Scrooge controlled 51 percent of the voting stock in the Scrooge and Marley Savings and Loan Association.

Oh, but he was a tightfisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, clutching, coverous old miser! Or he would have been if the usury and minimum-wage laws had allowed it.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge was at his office speaking to his head teller, one Bob Cratchit.

"You'll want tomorrow off, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"You bet," said the fairly reliable employee, "and the day after tomorrow and all next week, too. Which is exactly what the International Brotherhood of Teamsters Bank Workers Local 604 contract says I'll get. Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas?" growled Scrooge. "With this rate of inflation? And the market acting the way it is? Bah! Humbug!"

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy Steak and Brew and went home to his melancholy high-rise apartment. But he had no more than sat down upon his davenport when he heard a noise in the elevator; and then he heard the noise much louder coming down the hall, and then opening his apartment door.

"Who's that!" gasped Scrooge, starting up at the sight of a bald and wrinkled apparition in a Palm Beach suit.

"Ask me who I was before I retired," said the presence.

"You were my partner in Scrooge and Marley Savings and Loan," returned Scrooge. "But you're senile now."

At this the visitor raised a frightful cry. "The banks are going to be nationalized!" shrieked Marley. "The banks are going to be nationalized. The utilities are going to be nationalized. The oil companies are going to be nationalized. Everything's going to be nationalized before long!"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear his old business associate going on in this mad way, and yet he had to admit that there was something in what Marley was saying.

"Hear me!" cried the former partner. "My time is nearly gone. For I am on my way to the airport to go visit a daughter in Florida."

"I'm listening," said Scrooge.

"You will be visited by three spirits," said Marley. "Expect the first this evening after the eleven o'clock news." Then he had to leave because a cab was waiting.



"I am the ghost of Government Present," said the apparition as it shoveled money into the toilet.

Chapter 2

Scrooge must have dozed off during the weekend weather outlook because when he awoke, David Brenner was guest hosting the "Tonight" show. Suddenly a strange figure appeared next to Ed McMahon, a figure that then seemed to emerge from the television screen. It was seated in a wheelchair and had a cigarette holder clamped between its teeth.

"Who are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the ghost of Government Past."

Saying this, the spirit clasped him by the hand, and Scrooge seemed to feel himself pulled back through time to the days of the Great Depression. Then, as though from a vantage point on high, Scrooge saw spread before him vast WPA projects, legions of uniformed Civilian Conservation Corps members, line after line of unemployment insurance applicants, and thousands of Social Security payments being mailed.

"Spirit!" said Scrooge. "Show me no more! Conduct me home! Why do you delight to torture me with such memories of unwarranted interference in the free-market system?" The painful scene faded, and Scrooge was conscious of being again in his own apartment.

Chapter 3

Scrooge must have gone to sleep on the couch a second time, for when he opened his eyes again, he was greeted by the fuzzy blur of an empty TV screen. Then, slowly, a bland, toothy, smiling face took form upon that surface of glass and Scrooge found himself confronted with a second spirit.

"I am the ghost of Government Present," said the smiling face. And another vision appeared to Scrooge. He saw tangles of regulatory red tape and huge crime-rid-

den housing projects, enormous federal agencies populated by tens of thousands of half-idle men and women, and heaps and piles of paper money everywhere being dumped from trucks and shoveled out windows and flushed down sewers and drainpipes by countless unseen hands. Then suddenly the scene shifted and he found himself in the suburban ranch house of his head teller, Bob Cratchit. Bob was having Christmas dinner with his family, and a very fine dinner of well-thawed butterball turkey and Stove-Top dressing it was. Yet there was an air of concern in the room, for Bob's sixteen-year-old son, Chubby Tim, had his leg in a cast to the hip. "Will he ever walk without a limp?" Scrooge heard himself asking his spirit guide.

"Not unless he has an expensive operation on his knee," said the ghost. And with that, Scrooge woke again upon the couch in his own home.

Chapter 4

This time there was another face upon the TV screen, a large beefy face with a smile almost as broad as the ghosts' before and a tousled head of hair with a forelock that fell carelessly across the brow.

"I am the ghost of Government Future," said the face, and so saying, it showed to Scrooge... Well, what it showed to Scrooge is really too awful to relate. But it shook the old Republican to the core of his being.

Chapter 5

When Scrooge awoke for the last time, he was still upon the couch, but it was daylight now. Daylight, yes, but daylight on what date? He dialed the recorded time and temperature on his telephone. "Merry Christmas. Have a nice day!" said the disembodied voice.

"Have a nice day? Indeed I will!" said Scrooge, jumping up with a spring to his step. "I will begin the practice of a program of individual philanthropy that will render these government expenses unnecessary," he said. And losing no time at all, he hailed a taxi and rode to the home of Bob Cratchit, his teller.

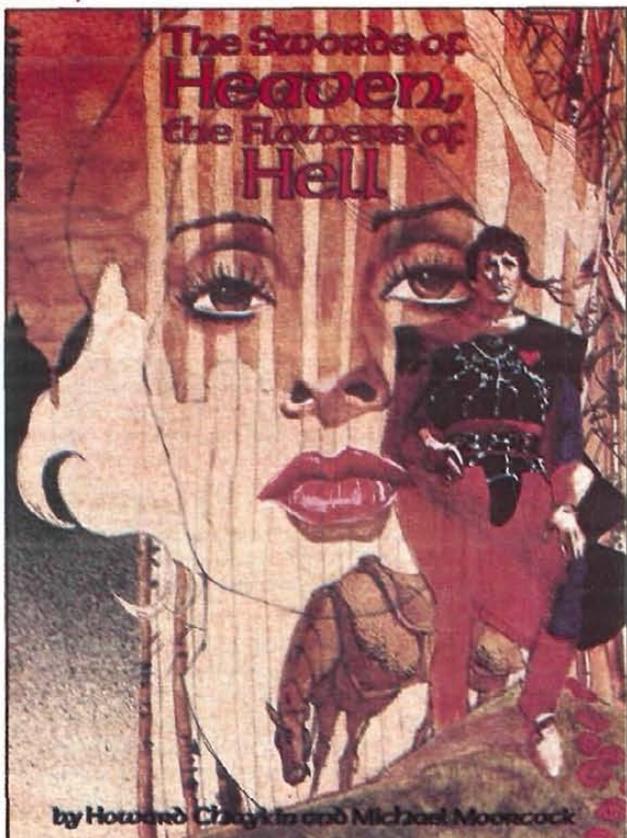
"How much will that knee operation cost?" shouted a gleeful Scrooge as he burst through the aluminum storm door into the Cratchits' vestibule. "Don't worry, I'll pay for every cent!"

"Knee operation?" said Mrs. Cratchit, much startled at the unexpected arrival of her husband's boss. "Why, that's already being taken care of by a comprehensive plan of national health insurance," said that moderately worthy woman.

"Vote Kennedy in '80, Every One!" piped Chubby Tim.

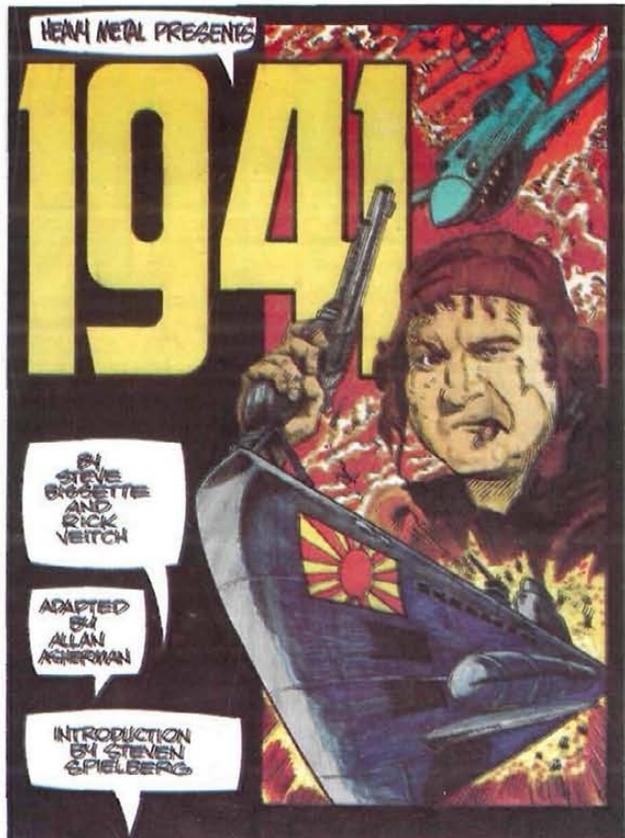
THE END

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by John Hughes

F A I L U R E

THE BORN FAILURE



Education: University of Chicago, Clairmont College, Stanford, Brown, University of Michigan, Miami University.
Job History: Teaching assistant, research analyst, bookstore clerk, home telephone sales.
Current Position: None.

Interests: Fly fishing, miniature railroading, reading, ham radio, conversation, gardening, puttering in the yard, wok cooking.
Goal: To finish the *Alexandria Quartet* before ice-fishing season.
Quote: "I'm a night person. I just can't get going in the morning. It's my body clocks. I'm working on changing them, but it'll take time."

SELF-MADE FAILURE



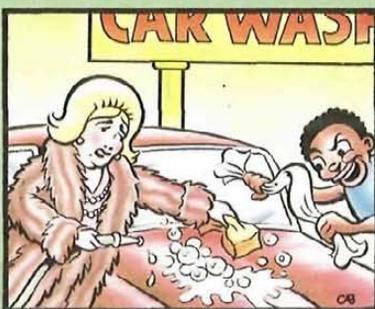
Education: South Central Michigan College (three semesters).
Job History: Machine-parts sales, options trader, rug-shampoo franchiser, sports promoter (North Atlantic Baseball League), part owner of import business.
Current Position: Restaurateur.

Interests: Money, good times, money.
Goal: A million dollars in the bank by forty.
Quote: "If I'm doing this well with two outlets, imagine what I could do with four. It's third-grade arithmetic. I'll make twice as much. This is the easiest business in the world. Frankly, I'm a little embarrassed to be making money this easy. It's like stealing."

SPOTTING THE FAILURE



As he adapts to a less prestigious life-style, the Failure retains certain habits and customs from the good years.



The Failure's wife must go to work to supplement the household income.



The Failure's children will readily adapt to new circumstances without interruption of their hobbies or pleasures.

TODAY WOULD HAVE BEEN MY THIRTIETH YEAR WITH INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER. I THOUGHT I HAD IT MADE FOR LIFE.



I WAS WITH AMC; WHEN ROMNEY LEFT, I WAS IN LINE FOR HIS JOB. BUT THEN I GOT TANKED UP OVER THE FOURTH AND PLOWED OUR SKI BOAT INTO A PIER. WITH THE FAMILY DEAD, I LOST MY TASTE FOR BUSINESS. THANK GOD FOR ERNEST AND JULIO GALLO!

GEE, THAT'S A TOUGH STORY.



THEY'RE ALL TOUGH. IT'S HARD TO TOP THE NEXT GUY ON THIS STREET.

THE DREAM

1. Doctor
2. Starlet
3. TV Anchorman
4. Filmmaker
5. FBI Agent
6. Drag Racer
7. Novelist
8. Heavyweight Champ
9. Actor
10. NFL Quarterback

THE DREAM REVISED

- Veterinarian
- Model
- TV Weatherman
- Film Reviewer
- Policeman
- Mechanic
- Reporter
- Personal Bodyguard
- Game-Show Host
- CBS Color Man

THE REALITY

- Pharmacy Clerk
- Hair Stylist
- TV Salesman
- Film Buff
- Crossing Guard
- Parking Attendant
- Ad Copywriter
- Disco Bouncer
- Maitre d'
- NYU Gym Teacher

OLD-MONEY FAILURE



MAN: We can be damned thankful that despite these setbacks we haven't had to break up the china or flatware sets.

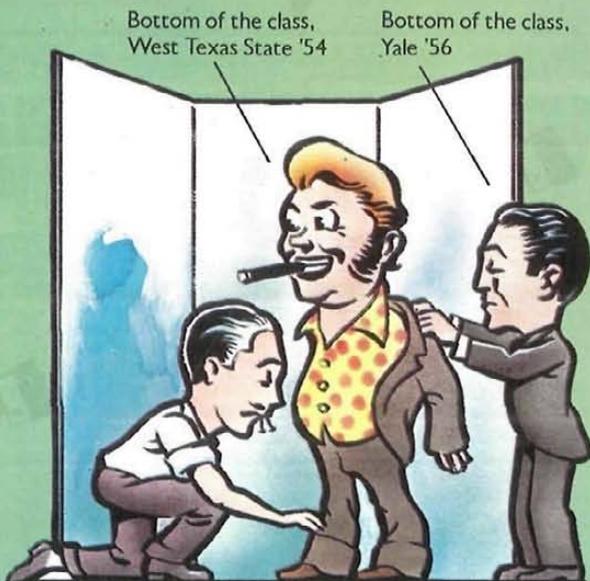
WOMAN: Now, if some greedy land developer would purchase the Beaverbrook property, we could keep Lake Stream.

NEW-MONEY FAILURE



MAN: You have to keep the garage door down, dammit all! If people know I had to unload the Rolls, they'll know I blew it and I won't be able to put together a deal in Timbuktu!

WOMAN: You're the one who had to have the six-car garage! The most cars we ever had was only four! Why don't you shut up and go out and make a shopping mall so I can have some money to go to Paris and get my hair done like everybody else!



THE FACE OF FAILURE

Temporary secretary does not relay urgent message from broker to sell General Public Utilities stock on afternoon of Three Mile Island reactor failure

Kennedy shot, market down twenty points

Black Friday

Loan to brother-in-law

Arab oil embargo

Market closes at record 1051; out in wilderness getting away from it all, miss rally

Olympia Brewing stock-manipulation scandal

IOS mutual-fund failure

Invested kid's college money in Minnie Pearl Chicken

Hocked everything, bought Chrysler dealership in March '79

China Syndrome opens, sell GPU

Hold CIT financial for eight years, decide to unload; next day, RCA merger talks open, stock goes up twenty-six points

Buy back into CIT at fifty-six, merger talks halted, sell out at forty

Merger talks resume, stock returns to fifty-six



THAT GUY WAS BARRY GOLDWATER'S CAMPAIGN MANAGER IN '64.

IF HE'D WON THE ELECTION, VIETNAM WOULD'VE BEEN OVER IN A YEAR AND MY KIDS WOULDN'T HAVE TURNED ON ME, MY WIFE WOULD STILL BE ALIVE... AW, FORGET IT!

EVER THINK OF GOING BACK?

WHEN I SLEEP IN THE COMMUTER STATION I'LL SPOT AN OLD GOLF PARTNER OR BRIDGE BUDDY AND I'LL THINK ABOUT IT, BUT...IT'S TOO LATE. TOO MUCH HOOCH, TOO MANY YEARS.

WITH THIS NEW RECESSION ON, THE STREET'S REALLY BUSTLING. SAY, WHO'S THE BROAD OVER THERE.



ANATOMY OF A BUSINESS FAILURE



Meyer Meats (1888-1960)

chicken
dried beef
salami

After founder dies, Irving S. buys firm, goes from wholesale to retail sales. Adds frankfurter line (1964) and institutional division to sell off-perfect and damaged meat products to schools, hospitals, and church groups (1965).

Irving's World's Finest Foods (1960-1967)

Kennedy Franks
Beatles Franks

chicken loaf
dried-beef loaf
salami loaf
tuna loaf

Institutional Products Division
bulk franks
chicken spread
sliced meat product

Business expands. Irving expands all lines, enters franchise-food arena (1966), creates frozen-food division to sell leftover restaurant food, buys chicken ranch to produce and supply his own poultry (1967). Wife heads chain of retail outlets (1967). Brother-in-law heads new investment division (1967).

Irving Industries (1967-1975)

Donna Products

Moon Dogs
Monkee Franks
Hippie Franks
Soul Dogs

Loaf Division

chicken loaf
dried-beef loaf
salami loaf
tuna loaf
pizza loaf
bacon loaf
sprout loaf
family loaf
turkey loaf
taco loaf
dessert loaf
dog-food loaf

Irving's Chicken Shacks

Sit-Down Division

broiled chicken
boiled potatoes
vegetable slaw
milk shakes
T-shirts
hats
stuffed animals
doughnuts
milk and bread
magazines and newspapers

Irving's Frozen Entrees

Sunday Dinners
Gizzards and Livers
Frozen Broth

Irving's Chicken Ranches

Cock-a-Doodle Eggs
Jacob and Beth's Fertilizer
Irving's Roasters
Irving's Broilers
Irving's Mini-Turkeys

Ada's Giftique

gifts
clothing
jewelry
tennis rackets
Grandma Lottie's Fudge

Floridico

Resort Properties Ltd.
CondominiumCo
Sunshine Rentals

The overextended, cash-poor, mis-managed firm falls prey to '73-'75 economic downturn, gas shortage, tight money. When debts are called in, empire collapses. Irving moves to Los Angeles to spend period of insolvency producing motion pictures.

Irving Productions (1975-1979)

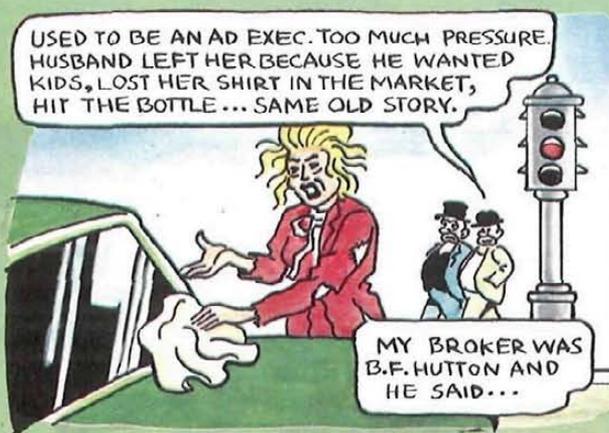
movies
television records
publishing cable TV
T-shirts

A fictionalized account of his life is a flop at the box office, but the T-shirt sells twelve million units. New cash allows him to expand.

Irving Promotions (1979-)

T-shirts
iron-ons
hats
running shorts

Irving Quality Meats
chicken roll
beef roll
salami roll



USED TO BE AN AD EXEC. TOO MUCH PRESSURE. HUSBAND LEFT HER BECAUSE HE WANTED KIDS, LOST HER SHIRT IN THE MARKET, HIT THE BOTTLE... SAME OLD STORY.

MY BROKER WAS B.F. HUTTON AND HE SAID...

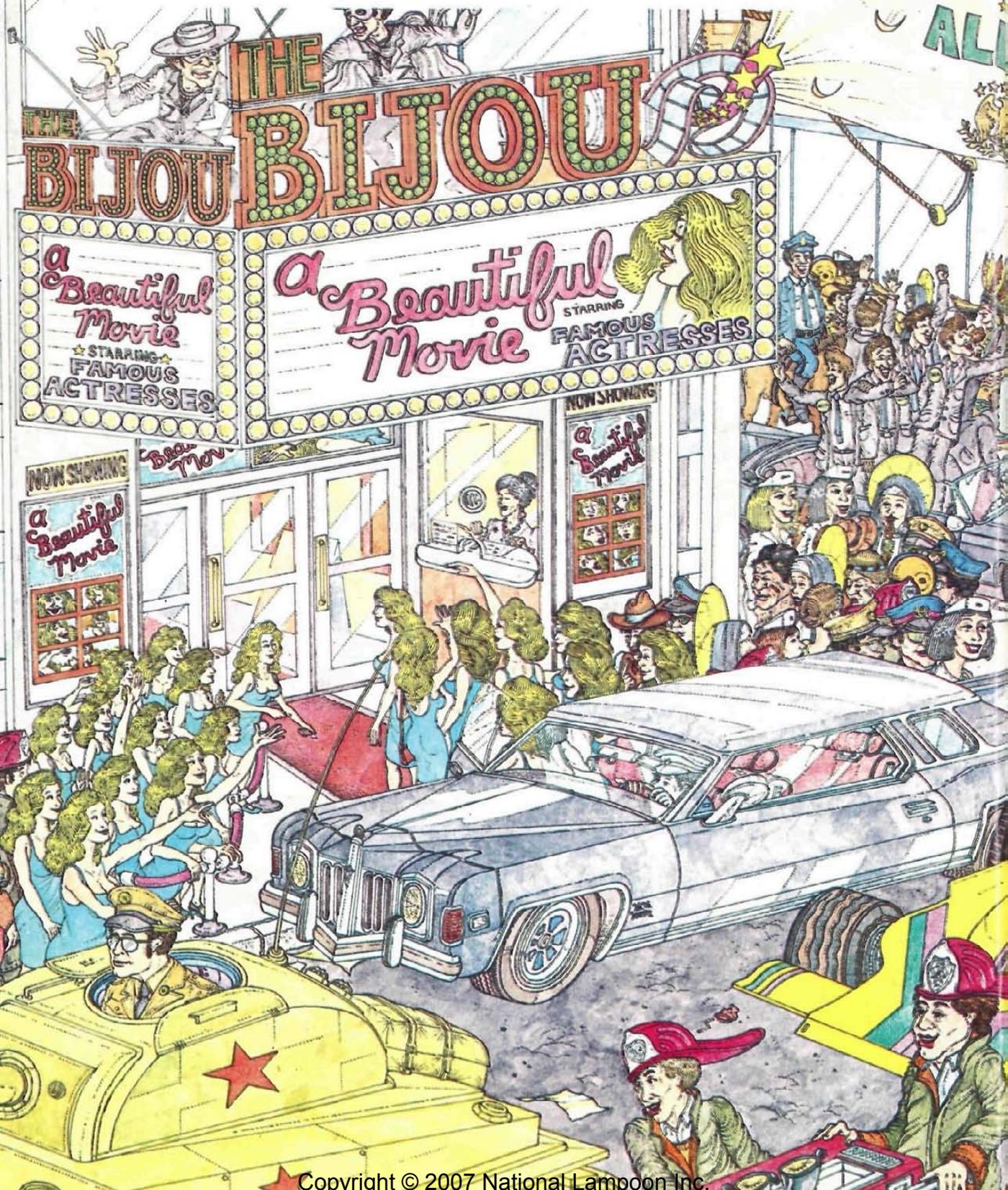


CAN I PENCIL YOU IN FOR LUNCH?

@!#!

LOVE TO, BILL, BUT I'VE MADE PLANS TO DROP IN AT THE CLUB AND EAT WHAT'S LEFT OF THE BREAKFAST PLATES.

AN EVERYDAY STREET SCENE
...after we all grew up to be exactly
what we'd wanted to be as children

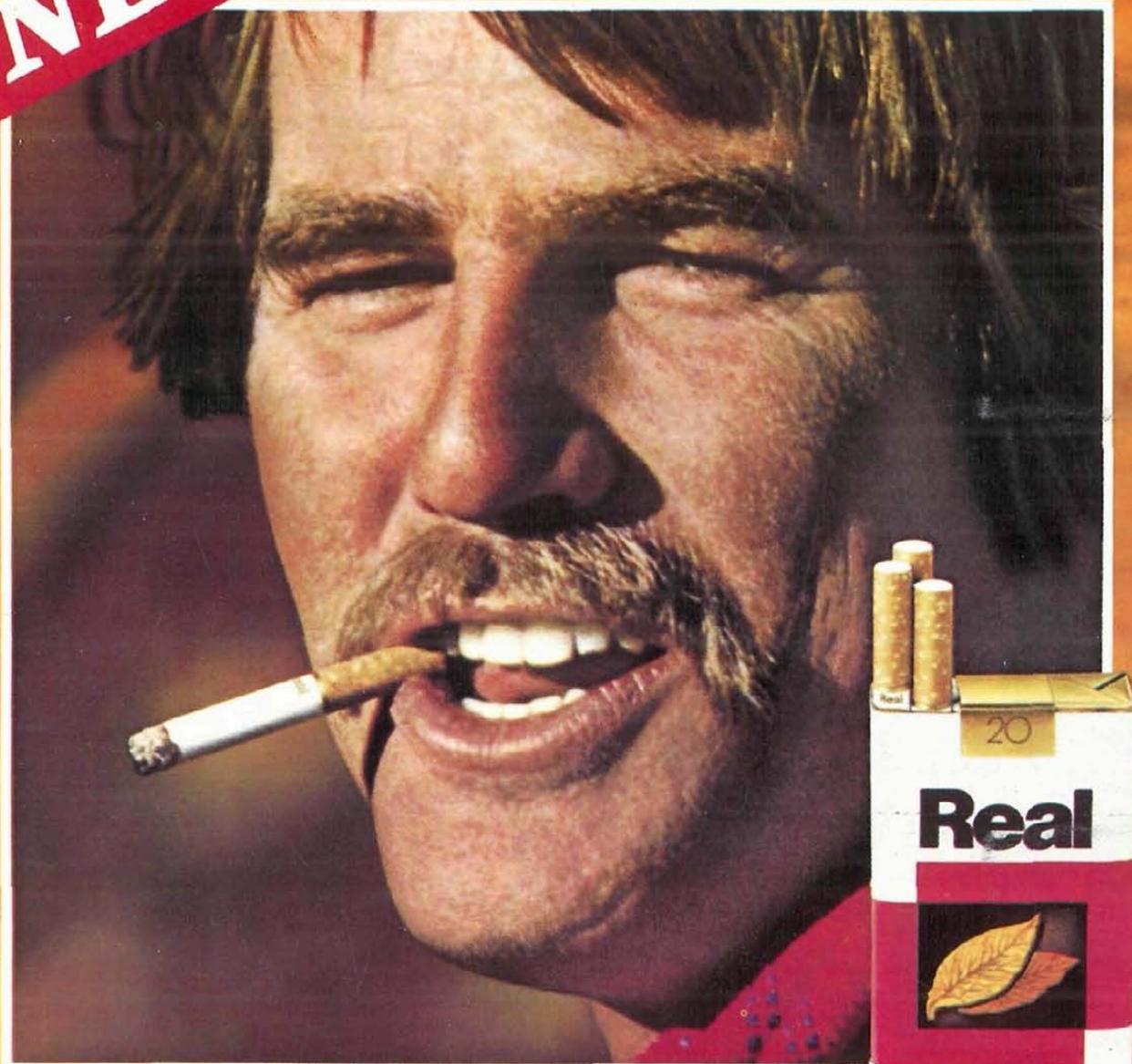




NEW!

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



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***"Taste Real's new golden taste!
Richer...mellower than before"***

Real's new golden leaf tobacco blend does it.
Tastes richer...mellower...more satisfying.
A taste that's pure gold.

The smoking man's low tar

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FUNNY PAGES



GRANDPARENTS

REMEMBER ALL OF THE THINGS GROWN-UPS CONSIDERED TO BE ABSOLUTELY IMPORTANT AND VITAL, AND WHICH STRUCK YOU AS BEING COMPLETELY USELESS, IF NOT ACTUALLY WEIRD?

THANK GOD WE MANAGED TO GET HERE BEFORE THE BIG CROWD DID. STAY RIGHT BEHIND ME, DEAR, DON'T WANDER OFF AND GET LOST!

BOY, I REALLY HATE THIS STORE. ALL THEY HAVE FOR KIDS IS CLOTHES!

THERE'S COSMETICS, OVER THERE.

HOLY SHIT!

OH, NO, NOT THAT!!!

YES, MODOM. WHAT WOULD MODOM LIKE?

I BELIEVE IT MAY BE MING HERON PINK.

OH, GOD, I HATE THIS WORSE THAN ANYTHING!

THE NAME'S WORN OFF MY LIPSTICK!

THAT'S TOO ORANGE.

PERHAPS OUR BLUSHING TWILIGHT ROSE?

TOO COOL.

MUCH LATER...

I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE. I'M GOING TO RUN AWAY SO I'M GETTING TOO WARM.

...VERY WELL, MODOM, WE HAVE OUR LIPSTICK, OUR EYE-BROW PENCIL, OUR EYE SHADOW, OUR NEW AND IMPROVED SKIN FRESHENER, BUT WE ARE NOT SURE OF OUR ROUGE.

EVEN LATER...

SOMEHOW THEY KNOW HOW TO STOP JUST BEFORE YOU ACTUALLY GO CRAZY...

LET'S SEE, NOW, WHERE IS MY CHARGE CARD... I HOPE THAT OVERDRAFT PROTECTIVE PENCE WILL BE ALL RIGHT.

NOT TO WORRY, MODOM.

Graham Wilson ©1980

HOWLIN' MOON

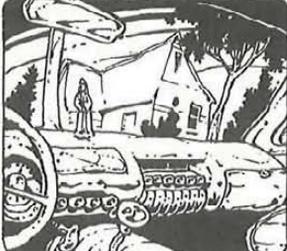


**AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD
IN MY**

**Jungle
Yacht**

RICK
GEARY
©1979

BOUGHT HER FOR A SONG



OFF WE GO — ABOUT 6AM



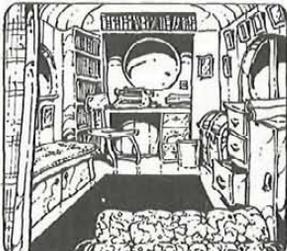
FERN FIXES SAUSAGE & TOAST
IN THE ALL-ELECTRIC KITCHEN



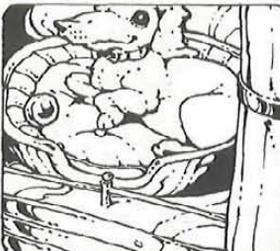
TODAY WE CRUISE DOWN HYPATIA ST.
CLEAR OUT TO THE PARKWAY



I CHAT AWHILE WITH
PWIGHT CLASSES ON WILLOW LANE



MY STUDY AND OBSERVATION ROOM



PUNKIN' IS RIGHT AT HOME



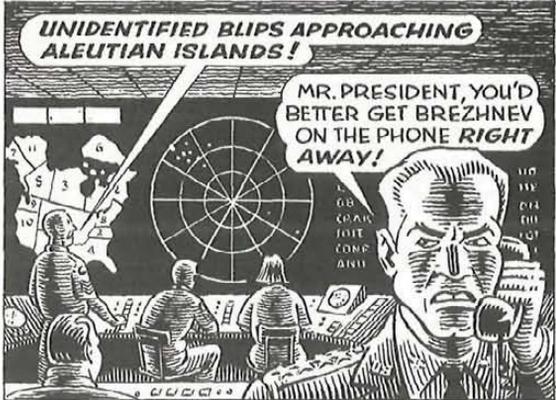
LABORERS ON SOUTH DELROSE



BACK HOME BY LUNCHTIME

POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett



UNIDENTIFIED BLIPS APPROACHING
ALEUTIAN ISLANDS!

MR. PRESIDENT, YOU'D
BETTER GET BREZHNEV
ON THE PHONE RIGHT
AWAY!



AH CAN DAHL DIRECT?
THANKEW.



IN MOSCOW...

PHONESKY
IS RING?

R-R-RING!
R-R-RING!



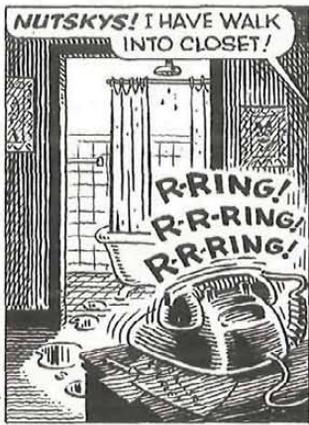
WE'LL AH GUESS AH'LL HANG UP.
HE'S OUT.

NOT SO FAST,
MR. PRESIDENT.



ALWAYS REMEMBER, PROPER PHONE
ETIQUETTE DEMANDS YOU LET THE
NUMBER YOU'RE CALLING
RING 8 TO 10 TIMES.

THANKS, POLITENESEMAN,
YEW MAY HAVE SAVED
THIS COUNTRY FROM
NUCLEAR HOLLYCOST.



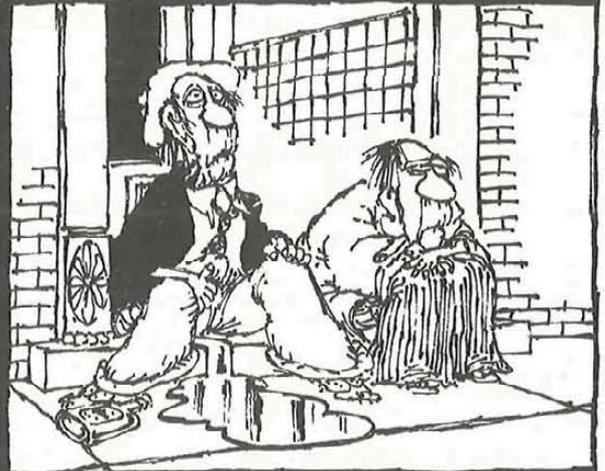
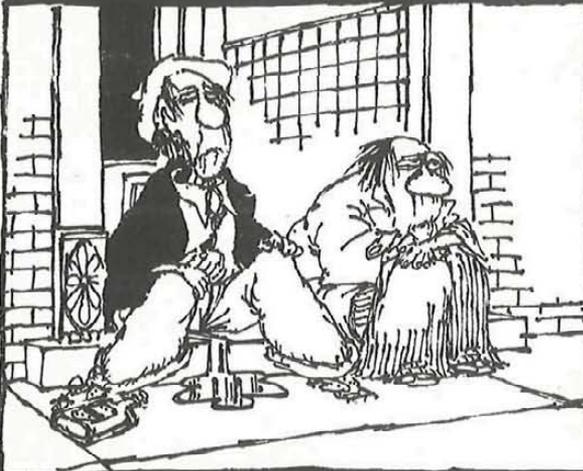
NUTSKYS! I HAVE WALK
INTO CLOSET!

R-R-RING!
R-R-RING!
R-R-RING!

THANK YOU FOR READING THIS COMIC. YOU'RE WELCOME.

22-24 HOUSTON STREET

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Rodney Wes



FROM THE GOODS DIVISION OF NATIONAL LAMPOON.

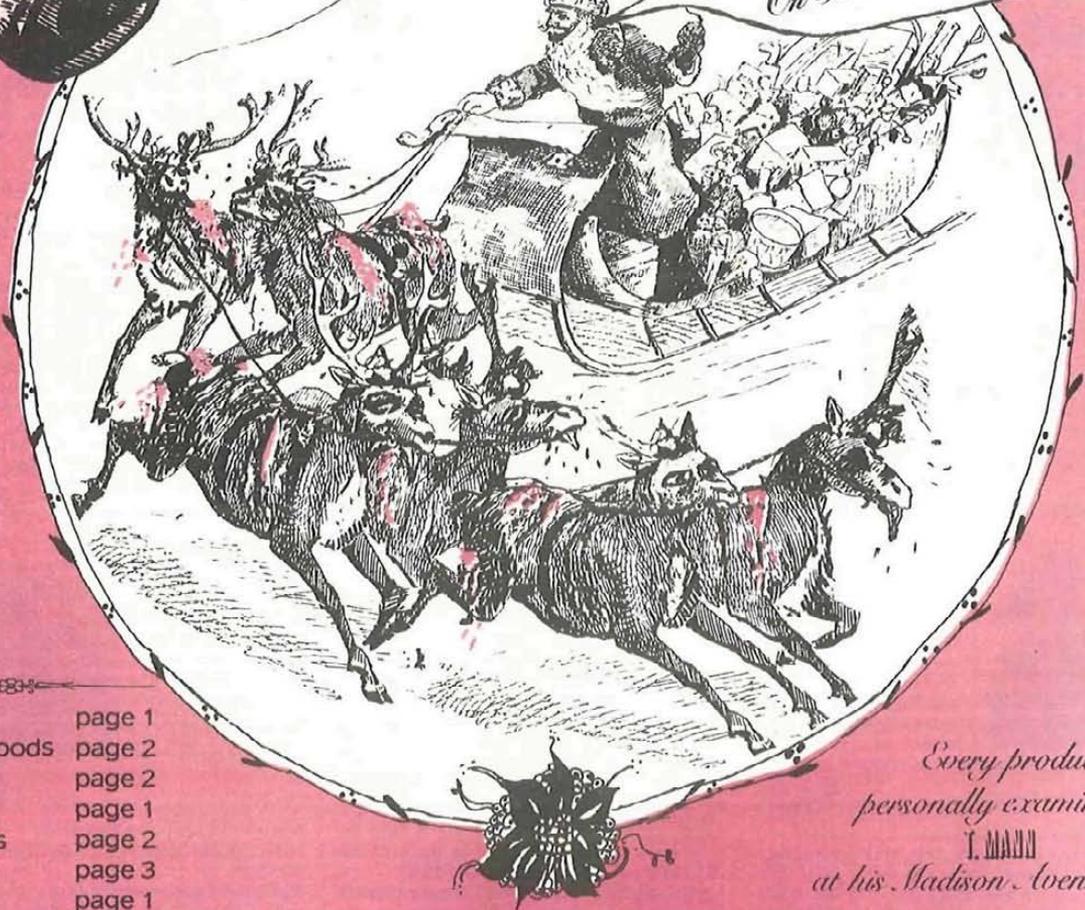


licensed for over-the-counter trading

"Fear not you'll get a fucking,
these goods are top-rated!"
—Commander Snot W. Goatlips

NatLampCo. CHRISTMAS CATALOG 1979

*On Slasher and Flasher!
On Pansy and Bitchin'!
On Vomit! On Stupid!
On Bummer and Nixon!*



Dry Goods	page 1
More Dry Goods	page 2
Sundries	page 2
Notions	page 1
Housewares	page 2
Novelties	page 3
Odds	page 1
Ends	page 3

*Every product
personally examined by
T. MANN
at his Madison Avenue office.*

GIVE THE GIFT OF MERCHANDISE THIS CHRISTMAS



National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt
A quality tailored product, one of our most famous, made up strictly in a high-grade manner. A favorite with professionals, it is easy to put on when going out-of-doors or to remove when entering the house.

(TS-1019).....\$3.95



National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick" T-shirt
The amusing shirt favored by actors and artistes involved in the touring theatrical production of the same name. Yet no one wearing this shirt will be ushered to poor seats in an eatery, as the production is no longer.

(TS-1026).....\$4.95



National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt
We have sold thousands of this very beautiful and finished garment. Shirt is durable and of superior value. Several worn above the other give the illusion of physique and muscularity.

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National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey
This good-appearing baseball jersey is a clean-made garment that is certain to give satisfaction. It is exactly the one worn by the famous *National Lampoon Black Sox*, yet it lacks the odor of use as it is an entirely new product.



(TS-1027).....\$6.00



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Traditional style *Animal House* baseball jersey. Comes complete and entire, with no difficult sleeves to assemble, and in sizes that fit all but the enormous or obese.

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National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket
An attractive jacket carefully proportioned on scientific principle to cover the upper torso in a fashionable manner. A great favorite with baseball players, both gentlemen and ladies, and with those whose activities take them outdoors during the summer, spring, and fall seasons.

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National Lampoon's New Animal House Baseball Jersey
This is a new product of great desirability. It has been fully tested for wearability and has proved to be of great merit. It is not available in any store or slaughterhouse.

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National Lampoon Hat



One of the most select novelties of the season, this hat is a strictly high-grade item and should not be confused with similar items of central-African manufacture. To own one of these is to own a hat.

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The most clear example of fine drollery issued. A sequel to the *High School Yearbook Parody*, it resembles a small-town Sunday newspaper, the *Dacron Republican-Democrat*. Profusely illustrated.



(BO-1021).....\$4.95



(BO-1007A) Deluxe Edition.....\$4.95

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This famous *National Lampoon* product has brought delight to millions with its humor and ability to convince relatives of its owner that the owner indeed attended a high school.



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Mr. Jeff Greenfield has fulfilled a great need for a book in which all other books are humorously synthesized. An appropriate guide to what goes on between the covers of less interesting books.

(BO-1031).....\$8.95



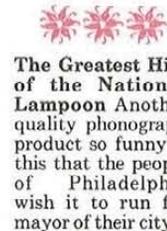
National Lampoon's Animal House Book
Tells the story of *National Lampoon's Animal House*, the cinematographic spectacle. Illustrated with etchings and risqué photographic impressions. Not sold to ma-houts or others who work with pachyderms.

(BO-1024) \$2.95, Deluxe Edition \$4.95



That's Not Funny, That's Sick!
This is the phonograph album that sets all France upon its ear. It has been awarded prizes at many phonographic expositions. Own it with pride.

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The Greatest Hits of the National Lampoon
Another quality phonograph product so funny is this that the people of Philadelphia wish it to run for mayor of their city!

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THE APPLETONS

by B.K. Taylor ©1974



BERNIE X

continued from page 13

kitchen, and the kitchen was where Duane was coming from. There were only two things I could do: hide under the bed or hide in the closet. I couldn't believe it. It was like some kind of dopey movie. Before I could make up my mind, Tammy pushes me into the closet. It was a tight squeeze in there. The fucking closet was packed with clothes and all kinds of sporting goods.

Duane just misses me. I hear him kick the door open and scream at Tammy. I couldn't see him through the closet door, but I hear it all. There is no question that this guy is one mean son of a bitch. He sounds drunk and very suspicious. Fuck, I couldn't blame him. The room didn't exactly look like a baby's nursery, and Tammy didn't look like she stepped out of a bubble bath. Duane was probably ready to beat the shit out of her, but first he asks what the fuck is going on, just to be polite.

Tammy makes up this story that is fantastic. She tells Duane that she is so horny for him that she spent all afternoon making believe that he was fucking her. She says that she rolled around on the bed, wrinkled all the sheets, and played with herself. She was really getting herself worked up over Duane, making out that he was the world's greatest stud and that she couldn't get enough of him. She made it sound real good. Shit, she was getting me hot again. She was getting Duane hot too. I thought he was going to jump her.

All of a sudden I hear a whack. The son of a bitch belted Tammy across the room. He's screaming at her again, and he is ready to kill her. This time it was my fault. The cocksucker found one of my shoes sticking out from under the bed. I wear these special high-top or-

thopedic shoes. I got very bad feet. Tammy could not explain the shoes.

Well, now I couldn't stay in the closet any longer, not when the poor kid is getting the shit kicked out of her. I had my pants with me, so I try to wiggle around and get them on. But there's so much stuff in there that I can't move too good. I knock over a vacuum cleaner, and the cleaner knocks over a fishing rod, and the fucking rod falls on me, and, before I know it, a hook gets caught on my cock.

Did you ever have a fish hook get caught in your skin? Once they're in, they're hard to get out. I can't control myself and I scream in pain. Duane hears the noise and opens the door.

So there I am—one leg in my pants and one out, with a number 12 smallmouth bass hook stuck in my sticky wing-wang.

Duane can't believe what he sees. He doesn't know whether to shit or go blind. I'll tell you, he was exactly what I pictured. About five ten, maybe 160 pounds, with not an ounce of fat on him. He looked about thirty, kind of handsome, with dark curly hair, a scar on his left cheek. One of those guys who wears tight dungarees, and tight short-sleeve shirts so you can see the muscles on his arms. He's got a pair of tattoos on his biceps that I couldn't make out. Later, Tammy told me what they were. They were a pair of cunts. When he flexes his biceps, the cunts open and close, just like the real ones.

I'm not exactly ready for action, but I try to get a shot at Duane with a piece of that fucking vacuum cleaner that fell on me. But Duane is much faster. He flicks the nozzle out of the way and lets me have it, right on the jaw. He drags me out and gives me a nice professional beating. And then, as the saying goes, the room started to

continued on page 86

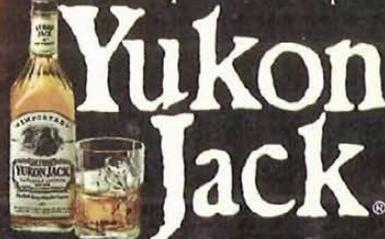
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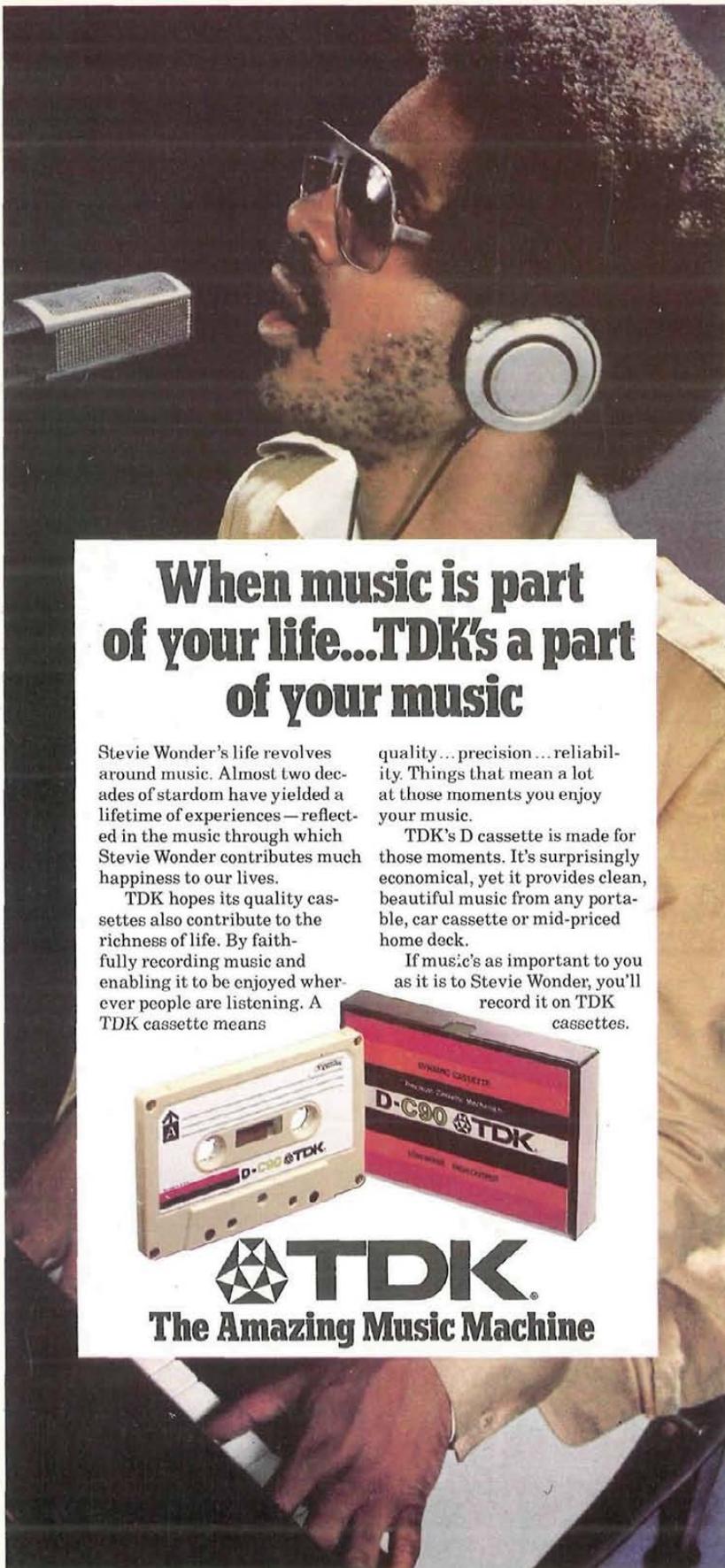
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THE SMART



Show business personality **JERRY BROWN** has apologized for appointing a homosexual judge to the Los Angeles County Superior Court. "I'm sorry," said the part-time presidential candidate, "but the guy who bites the heads off live chickens had prior commitments and couldn't accept the job..."

* * *

Back in Washington, **HAM JORDAN** is denying white-slavery charges. The girls involved "weren't all that white," says the boneless smoked wonder....

Hamilton's personal president, **JIMMY CARTER**, has collapsed from exhaustion again. This time he was trying to count to 100 by fives. "I guess the effort was just too much for him," said White House veterinarian **WILLIAM LUKASH**....

* * *

Vinyl butcher **RONEE BLAKLEY** was accidentally married to a tree in an outdoor wedding ceremony. Groom was supposed to be German new-wave cinema flannel brain **WIM WENDERS**. Ronce and the tree will live in the front yard of enormous agent **SUE MENGERS**'s home in Beverly Hills....

* * *

Forty thousand **VIETNAMESE BOAT PEOPLE** will stage a reunion to raise funds to bring the **BEATLES** back together. "It's just that, you know, we really like their music," a spokesman said....

And the London Coroner's Office has announced that it will exhume the body of **ROLLING STONES** lead

guitar player **KEITH RICHARDS**, to investigate rumors of drug and alcohol abuse during the last years of his life, "just as soon as the guy dies...."

* * *

IRA ANGUSTAIN, star of "Can You Hear the Laughter?"—the CBS made-for-TV biography of **FREDDIE PRINZE**—looks so much like Freddie that he will shoot himself early next year....

Incidentally, the **REPUBLIC OF TOGO** has given CBS its Gold Medal for Rapid Cannibalization as a result of that production....

* * *

Meanwhile, in the glittering world of rock 'n' roll: Three hundred Protestant ministers have asked **BOB DYLAN** to quit believing in **JESUS CHRIST**. "Our Lord does not need this kind of publicity," they stated in a press release....

* * *

The Consumer Product Safety Commission has asked the government of Poland to recall frenzied novel writer **JERZY KOSINSKI**. There is something dangerously wrong with Jerzy's brain, federal officials say....

* * *

PHILIPPE JUNOT—whose wife, **PRINCESS CAROLINE**, is one of the Crowned Butts of Europe—is urging discotheque cronies to lobby for

continued on page 95



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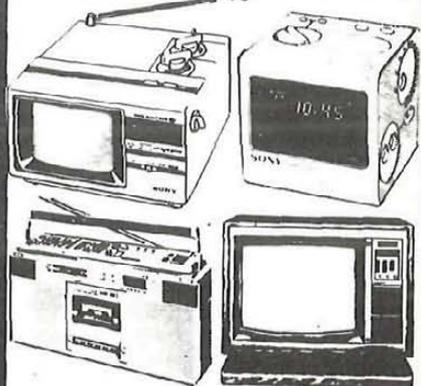
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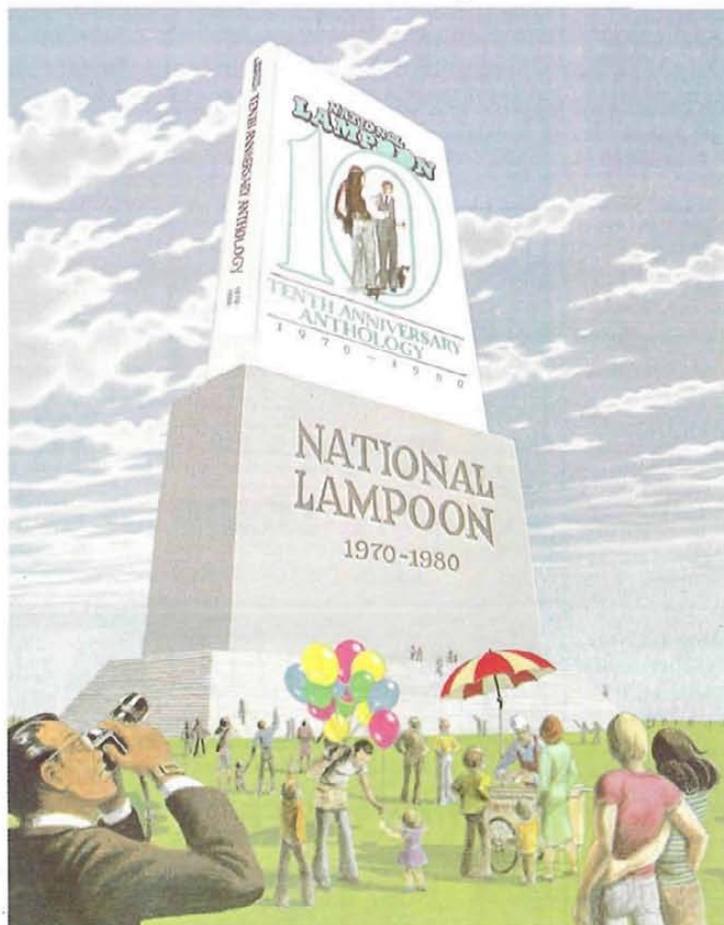
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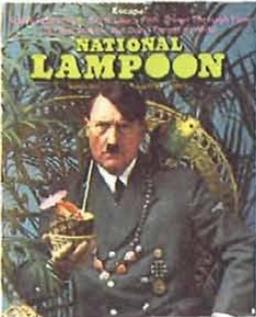
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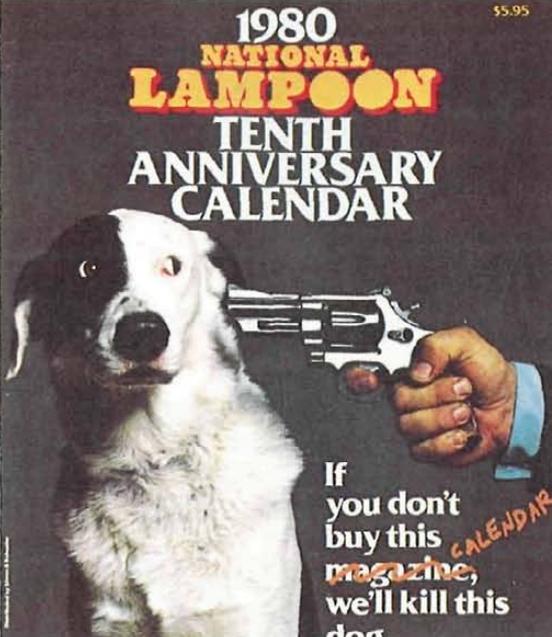
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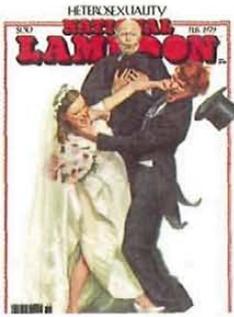
February

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Yes, jokes! We chal-

lenge you to scan the calendars of ancient cultures and of bygone eras—the Julian calendar of the Roman Empire or the pre-Columbian calendar of the mystic Mayans. No jibes, no japes, not so much as one good belly laugh. Dull stuff, indeed. Not so the *1980 National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Calendar!*

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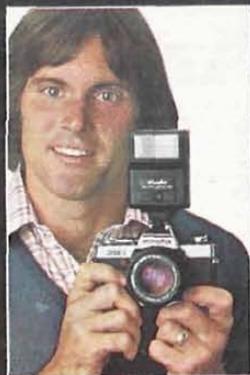
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spin and everything went black.

When I wake up, I am tied securely to a chair and so is Tammy. She looks a little roughed up too. Mr. Duane really plays for keeps. Well, now I am in this fucking mess right up to my neck.

Tammy is all apologies and shit, but there's nothing much we can do. Duane is out for a while, so she starts telling me what his real game is.

It seems that Duane works for an outfit called the Production Company. At first, Tammy thought it was a record business in Nashville, but one night when Duane was very drunk he told her what the Production Company really did. The Production Company is a very, very big outfit that puts together "special projects" for very, very rich people—"packages," as they like to call them. They use a lot of show-business words to describe what they do. They were not the CIA and they were not the Mafia. This was a totally independent group with billions of dollars of their own money and plenty of fancy equipment. Duane worked for one of their southern branch offices. He wasn't one of the brainy types. He was part of the muscle squad.

One package they put together was counterfeit Coca-Cola. Some tycoon got pissed off at Coca-Cola for some reason, so he got the Production Company to steal the Coke formula so he could make his own soda. It seems that there's a whole fake Coca-Cola operation down in the South making millions and millions, with the same cans and bottles and the same soda. But the Production Company is real smart. They leased the Coke formula to this guy instead of selling it to him outright. Just in case they want to use it later for something else, like a substitute for gasoline or something.

So it's like the Production Company does special projects for very eccentric rich people who have a grudge against someone or have a ton of money they have to bury instead of getting taxed on it, or whatever. A lot of these rich guys are getting so bored making money that they need a little more excitement. They have to do something a little illegal with their dough to make life worth living.

Sure, the Production Company does a few dirty jobs, like assassinating presidents and starting revolutions. But their main work is in these strange projects. When Tammy told me what Duane was involved in, I nearly shit a

brick. It seems that one of the richest guys in the country, a southerner, wants to eliminate the colored people from this country. He's just sick and tired of all the trouble they're causing. Most guys just rant and rave about the shvugies, but this guy is really doing something about it. What he's doing is getting all the young colored girls out of circulation. Slowly, but surely, he's reducing the population of colored girls, girls who can give birth to more colored people. In other words, he's making these girls disappear. Little by little he's chopping away at them, until one of these days the blacks will wake up and find that most of their women are gone. He's not hiring an army to go out and kill them. He's got a much better way.

Part III of the story will appear next month.

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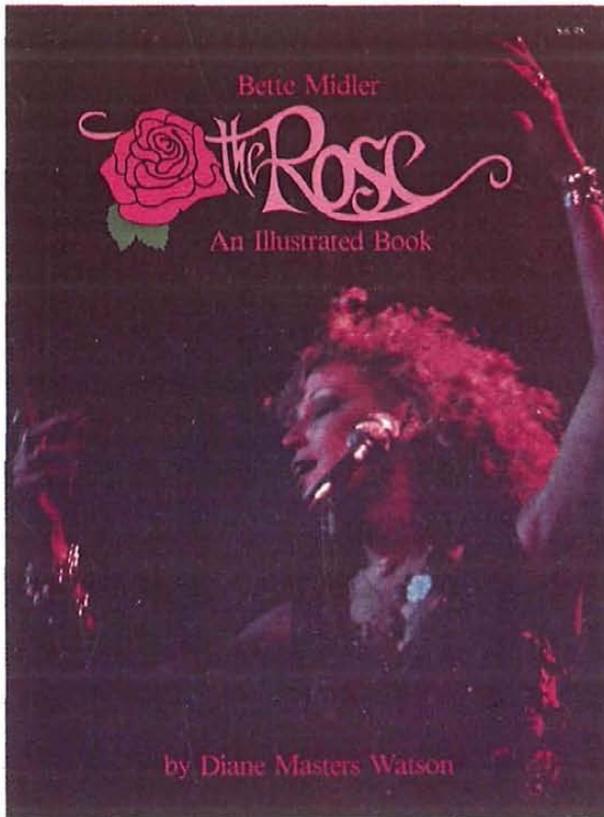
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The time, 1969, the height of the hippie era. Out of all the turmoil, "The Rose" is making her mark in the world as the queen of Rock and Roll; her music symbolizes the time. But something is missing from her life. She isn't satisfied with sex, and booze only deadens the pain for a while. She is at the pinnacle of her career, dressed

in trash flash, a child in a woman's body, looking for acceptance, security, and love.

When you get to know The Rose, you'll feel her pain, know her loneliness, and want to wrap her up in the protective cocoon of your heart. You'll get a firsthand look at what it's like at the top from a lady who's there and comes crashing down.

Twenty First Century Communications
Dept. 1279
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

I enclose \$_____ in check or money order payable to Twenty First Century Communications.

Send me _____ copies of *The Rose* at \$6.95 each.

Name _____

Please add 75¢ per order for postage and handling in the US, \$1.00 for shipments anywhere else in the world. New York residents, please add 8% sales tax.

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

● When a heavysset Ohio woman appeared at a hospital complaining of shooting pains in her lower spine, doctors determined that her back was slightly out of place, and released her. She then drove to a nearby department store and went shopping. While resting against the side of her car to ride out another bout of pain, the woman noticed a four-and-one-half-pound baby crying on the asphalt at her feet. The infant had dropped from her abdomen several moments earlier. *AP*

● After Clint Bolin vacated his apartment in Long Beach, California, his landlord discovered six hundred boxes containing thirty tons of rocks stacked to the ceiling in every room. Bolin left only a narrow channel connecting a couch, where he presumably slept, and the toilet. Nearby motel owners claim Bolin has left rocks in their establishments as well, averaging several hundred pounds per overnight visit. *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

● A thirty-five-year-old Dallas woman was awakened by a partially clothed stranger who crawled into her bed whispering, "I want you, I love you." She quickly withdrew a pistol from her nightstand and forced him to leave. A few minutes later, the victim heard a knock at her door. Cracking it open with the chain lock in place, she was confronted once again by her assailant. "Do you have a light?" he asked her calmly. She got her lighter and lit his cigarette, and he ran away. *UPI* (contributed by Steve Stalt)

● Representatives of the Motion Picture and Television Hospital in Woodland Hills, California, requested court permission to transfer Johnny Weissmuller to a mental-care facility after Weissmuller, who is seventy-four years old and afflicted with a deteriorating chronic brain disease, reportedly harassed and terrified hospital employees with maniacal "screams, hollers, and Tarzan-like calls." *AP* (contributed by Ed French)

● An Indonesian official has ruled that all males wishing to be married in his district must award prospective brides a dowry of twenty-five dead rats. As part of a campaign to trim a wildly multiplying rat population, the district government has also

ordered all elementary-school children to capture a minimum of three rats on the way home from classes. The moves were prompted by similar action taken in neighboring districts, where one political leader, who single-handedly coordinated the extermination of nearly two million rats in his area, has been given the exclusive, honorary title "Anti-Rat Fighter." *Reuter's* (contributed by Erik Kosberg)

● A 380-pound San Francisco woman who had assumed she was merely overweight entered the UCLA Medical Center where seven doctors spent four and one-half hours removing a 205-pound tumor from her ovary. After draining off 165 pounds of fluid

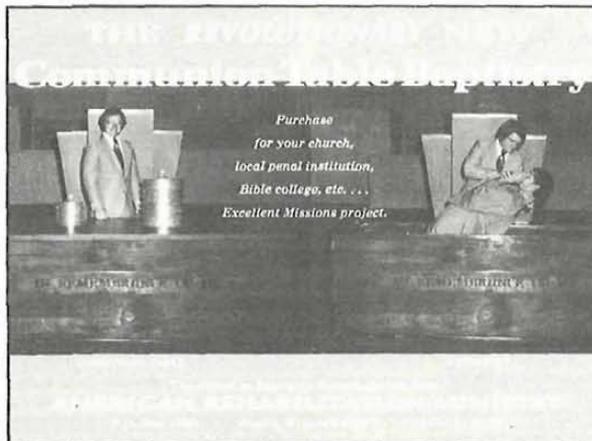
and excising a 40-pound concentration of solid tissue and fat intact, university physicians stated the growth was fifteen years old, and nearly twice as large as the previous state-record tumor, discovered in 1947. *AP* (contributed by Tom McMenemy)

● A man called Muksin, age thirty-five, of Subang, Indonesia, questioned his wife about the presence of a cigarette butt on a table in their home. Refusing to accept her explanation that it belonged to her brother, who had visited while Muksin was at work, he slashed his wife with a knife and then cut off his own penis. Police later impounded the severed organ as evidence. *Philippine Bulletin Today* (contributed by Michael Czuhajewski)

● Mr. Michael Koch sent an anniversary gift of a dozen roses to his wife at her office. Mrs. Koch, a typist for the state of Wisconsin, joyfully sniffed the flowers, then gagged and slumped to her desk, dead. A spokesman for the county coroner's office stated he believed she may have been allergic to roses. *Detroit Free Press* (contributed by Elizabeth King)

● A twenty-eight-year-old woman identified as Adalgisa M. told a court in Turin, Italy, that a man called Francesco G. raped her in his Fiat 500 eight years ago. Francesco, who pleaded not guilty, was finally exonerated when the judge decided to accept expert testimony that it is impossible to achieve penetration in a Fiat 500. *AP* (contributed by Lee Temte)

FUNCTIONAL ELEGANCE DEPT.



This postcard advertising a "revolutionary new Communion Table Baptistry" was distributed by the American Rehabilitation Ministry, which claims to provide "the finest in baptistry manufacturing." According to specs printed on the reverse of the card, no plumbing is required, the communion table baptistry is up to 66 percent cheaper than competitive models, it can be filled with a garden hose, it comes equipped with a lock-down top to "safeguard against unexpected access," and it is designed so that "minister does not get wet." Contributed by Tommy Meeks and Cris Arias

Your Tax \$ at Work

These excerpts from government documents, applications, and regulations originally appeared under the auspices of "Gobble-dygook," a daily feature of the Washington Star.

From a Naval Ship Engineering Center document:

In the event of conflict between the detailed requirements specified in this specification and the documents referenced in this specification, the requirements of this specification, and the reference documents shall govern in that order.

Distributed by Virginia Division of Motor Vehicles:

If your car does get stuck on the tracks, get all occupants out and walk away from the car in the direction of the oncoming train.

From a Federal Communications Commission document summarizing radio station assignments:

Assign 228A to Grand Rapids, Minn., and 269A to Hibbing, Minn., or assign 252A to Grand Rapids and 269A to Hibbing; or assign 245 and 282 to Grand Rapids and 230 and 271 to Hibbing and delete 244A at Grand Rapids and 292A to Hibbing, or assign 252A to Grand Rapids and 230 and 281 to Hibbing and delete 292A at Hibbing.

Contributions: We will pay \$10 for every item used, \$20 for b&w photos, \$30 for color photos. Send to: True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. In case of duplication, earliest postmark is selected.

Editor's Note: The items that appear in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in the *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.

The Mine Safety and Health Administration, which provides, sponsors, and funds a mandatory training course for mine workers, was excoriated on the floor of Congress by an irate senator who insisted a "gag" test given by MSHA instructors was obscene, insulting, filthy, and puerile. The test was subsequently entered into the Congressional Record, portions of which are reprinted below.

Situation Adaptability Evaluation for Management Personnel

(3) You are making a sales presentation to a group of corporate executives in the plushest office you've ever seen. The hot enchilada casserole and egg-salad sandwich you had for lunch react, creating a severe pressure. Your sphincter loses its control and you break wind in a most convincing manner, causing three water tumblers to shatter and a secretary to pass out. What you should do next is: (a) offer to come back next week when the smell has gone away, (b) point out their chief executive and accuse him of the offense, (c) challenge anyone in the room to do better.

(4) You are at a business lunch when you are suddenly overcome with an uncontrollable desire to pick your nose. Remembering this is definitely a no-no, you: (a) pretend to wave to someone and, with one fluid motion, bury your forefinger in your nostril right up to the fourth joint; ... (c) drop your napkin on the floor and, when you bend over to pick it up, blow your nose on your sock.

(8) You've just returned from a trip to Green Bay, Wisconsin, in January and tell your boss that nobody but whores and football players lives there. He mentions that his wife is from Green Bay. You: (a) ask what position she played....

In Any Language

The following English words and phonetic spellings of their synonyms in Japanese were provided in a recent Japan Air Lines brochure for American businessmen.

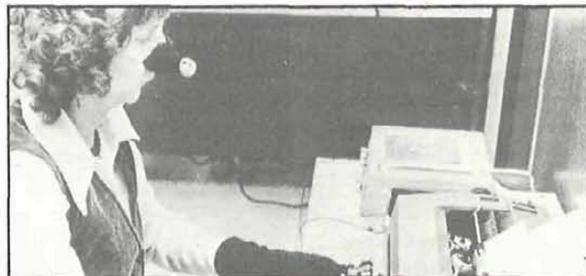
Businessman	Camera
BI-ji-nes-mahn	KAH-mer-rah
Advertising man	Film
AH-doh mahn	FEE-ru-mu
Public-relations man	Color film
R-R mahn	KAH-rah FEE-ru-mu
Pilot	Concert
PAI-roht-toh	kohn-SAH-toh
Toilet	Nightclub
TOI-reh-wah	NAI-toh ku-RAH-bu
Department store	Basketball
deh-PAH-toh	bah-su-KET boh-ru
Hotel	Boxing
hoh-TEH-ru	BOK-shin-gu
Aspirin	Bowling
AHS-pi-rin	BOH-rin-gu
Cigarettes	Hiking
tah-BAH-koh	HAI-kin-gu
Matches	Golfing
MAHT-chi	GOH-ru-fu
Lighter	Volleyball
RAI-tah	BAH-REH boh-ru

IN JAPANESE STEREO LANGUAGE

These instructions came with a set of small Japanese speakers.

When you install it in a car, it will become a listening room and you can enjoy the pleasant drives listening fine music. This system is fairly heavy as a car speaker, please install it firmly taking account of the sudden breaking or joggles of the car. As you can put it on anywhere else, please choose your preferable place to put it on.

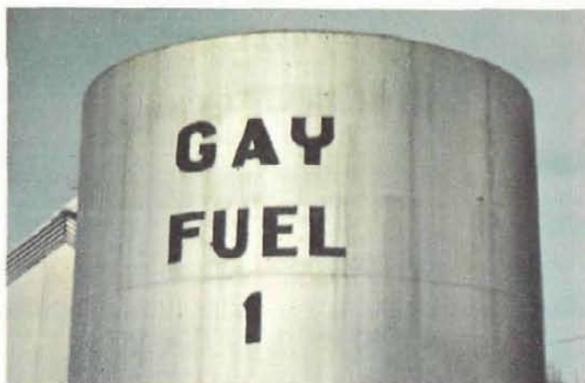
ALTERED SNOOTS DEPT.



The individual at the top is a secretary from Iowa named Martha, who is cold; and the pair at the bottom, Cecil and Georgia Francies, are members of an organization of buzzard enthusiasts awaiting an annual buzzard migration in Hinckley, Ohio.



Paul Obdom, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia



Cal Koskineu, Circle Pines, Minn.



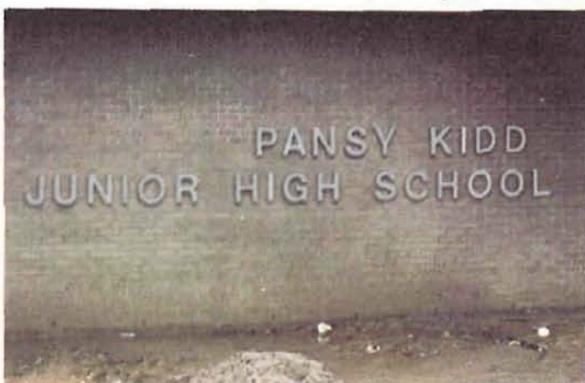
Jeanie Paley, Erlensee, W. Germany



Alan Rogers, Weirton, W. Va.



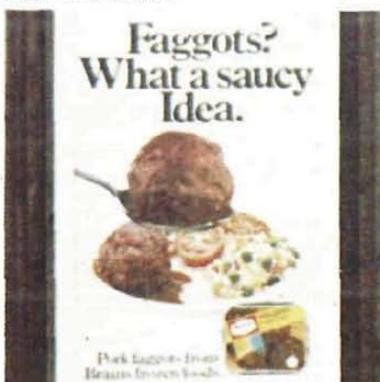
Tony Scheuren, New York, N.Y.



Brad Smothers, Poteau, Okla.



Edward Andres, Traverse City, Mich.



Scott Hoyer, London, England



Bennett Rudolph, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Empire's EDR.9
The Phono Cartridge Designed for
Today's Audiophile Recordings



Direct-to-Disc and digital recording have added a fantastic new dimension to the listening experience. Greater dynamic range, detail, stereo imaging, lower distortion and increased signal-to-noise ratio are just a few of the phrases used to describe the advantages of these new technologies.

In order to capture all the benefits of these recordings, you should have a phono cartridge specifically designed to reproduce every bit of information with utmost precision and clarity and the least amount of record wear.

The Empire EDR.9 is that cartridge. What makes it different?

1.

Within the cantilever tube, we added

a mechanical equalizer. It serves two purposes: (1) to cancel the natural resonance of the cantilever tube, and (2) to improve the overall transient response of the cartridge. The end result is a stylus assembly that has a mechanically flat frequency response. The frequency response extends from the 20Hz to 35Hz with a deviation of no more than ± 1.75 dB. No other magnetic cartridge has that kind of performance. We call this stylus assembly an "Inertially Damped Tuned Stylus," the refinement of which took over 6 years.



EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE

EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE EMPIRE

2.

Conventional cartridges exhibit radical changes in their frequency response when connected to different preamplifiers. This is because the load conditions — the amounts of capacitance and resistance provided by the preamp — vary tremendously from one preamp to another, and from turntable to turntable. Consequently, most phono cartridges, even expensive ones, have their frequency response determined essentially by chance, depending on the system they are connected to.

But the electrical elements of the EDR.9 have been designed to remain unaffected by any normal variations in load capacitance or resistance. Thus, the EDR.9 maintains its smooth frequency response and accurate transient reproduction ability in any music system, irrespective of loading conditions.

3.

As a final test of performance, we listen to every EDR.9 to make certain that it sounds as good as it tests. At 5200, the EDR.9 is expensive, but then again, so are your records.

For more detailed information and test reports, write to:

Empire Scientific Corp.
Garden City, NY 11530

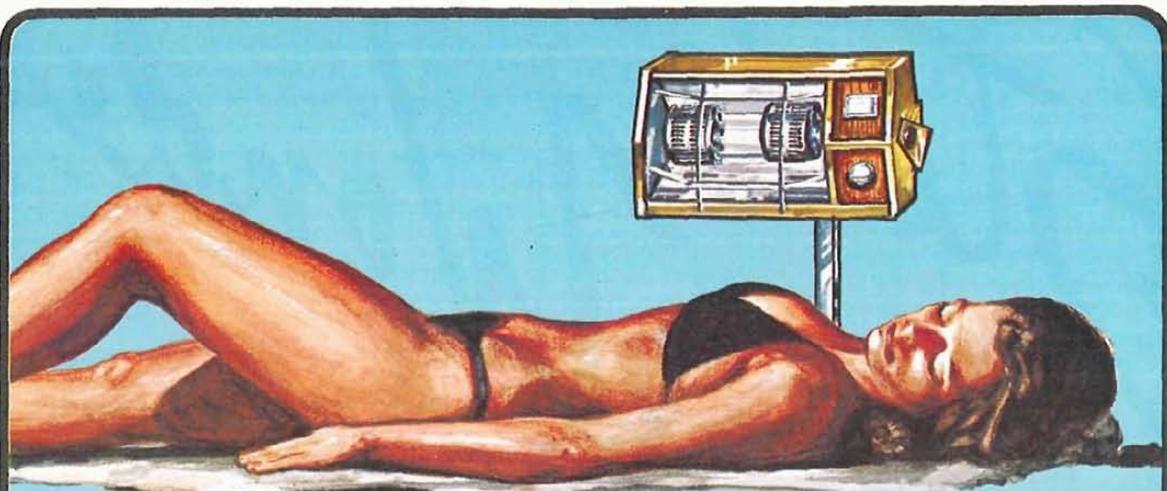
EMPIRE

C O M I N G N E X T M O N T H

FANTASY

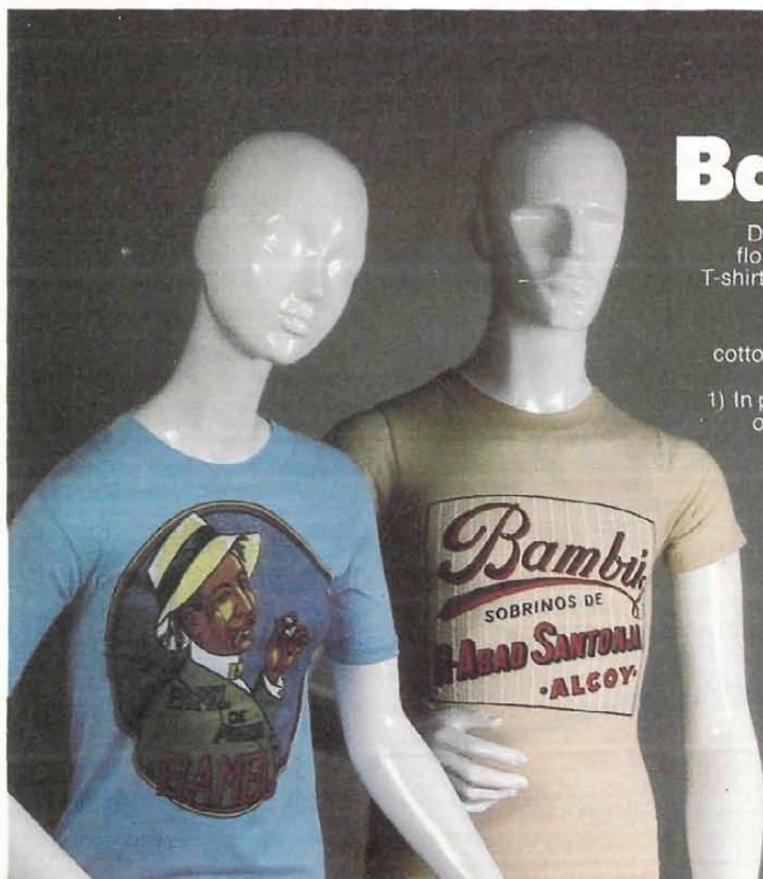


IN THE JANUARY NATIONAL LAMPOON



**The Sun can do anything a SPERTI can do
except... tan you indoors... tan you
at night... and turn itself off!**

SPERTI Sunlamp Div. 20 KENTON LANDS RD. ERLANGER, KY. 41018



Have a Bambo Fit!

Don't be just another faceless head in life, floating in a sea of mediocrity. The Bambo T-shirts could be just the thing you need to lift you out of your shell.

Made in the USA, of the finest quality cotton-poly blend, our great fitting shirts are available in two models:

- 1) In powder blue, with our winking Spaniard on the front and the famous Bambo logo on the back, for only \$6.00
- 2) In desert buff, with the legendary Bambo pack, on the front, for \$5.00

Small prices to pay for a face lift. Both shirts come in small, medium, large and extra large.

You're no dummy. So order now. Specify your choice of shirt and size. Send with a check or money order in the correct amount to Bambo Sales, Dept. **NL-12**.

P.O. Box 691
Westbury, New York 11590
Please allow 4 week delivery.

Bambo Extra: One free pack of our New Bambo 1/2 Extra with each T-shirt.

Stevie Wonder

"Journey Through
The Secret Life Of Plants"

Deluxe Two Record Set

On Motown Records & Tapes

Includes the single

"Send One Your Love"



THE SMART SET

continued from page 83

stricter laws prohibiting the sale of reptile skin. "Every time I see a lizard watchband or belt," the unemployed Frenchman says, "I shudder to think that it could be my mother or sister...."

* * *

This fall's brushfire in LAUREL CANYON is being blamed on spontaneous combustion resulting from large piles of discarded ethics moldering in the basements of that area's fancy homes....

* * *

Studio scoops: AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES, producers of *The Amityville Horror* and other fine cinematic works, has purchased the movie rights to the next big mass murder, "whenever it takes place and as long as at least twenty teenagers are killed or badly maimed and there's some sex abuse...."

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS has announced production start-up on *Airport 1980*. This time they're going to put the producer, director, writers, and all the stars into a real airplane and fly

it right into the side of a mountain. "It costs less that way," say Uni execs, "and we won't have to bother with distributing a movie...."

And DISNEY STUDIOS will make its first "R"-rated film, showing a dog's behind and cow's breasts on the screen. The dog's behind will be played by BARRY GIBB....

* * *

Future First Sister EUNICE SHRIVER will sponsor a SPECIAL OLYMPICS FOR HOLLYWOOD STARS. Events will include Speed Divorcing, the 100-Centimeter Coke Snort, and a Marathon Butt Kiss....

Elsewhere in Hyannis Port, RFK son DAVID KENNEDY is applying for the BILLY CARTER job in Uncle Ted's upcoming Democratic administration. "I'll abuse Percodan instead of beer and pal around with Cubans not Libyans," said the young vacuum skull, "but essentially I plan to retain the White House role that Billy pioneered...."

Speaking of KENNEDY KIDS, there's a rumor going 'round that one of them will soon attempt to assassi-

nate an ordinary person, "Preferably a moody loner. Christ," the unnamed sibling is quoted as saying, "it's about time we struck back!..."

* * *

Sports wrap-up: Ex-emperor BOKASSA I of the Central African Empire will seek asylum in the US, where he has plans to become an American professional athlete. "I've got everything you need," he says. "I'm black, wear a lot of ridiculous clothes, act like an asshole, and have the silliest name you ever heard. Now if I can just figure out what sport I'm good at, I can start endorsing beer and panty hose...."

ELVIS COSTELLO has been signed to the NEW YORK GIANTS. He'll play middle line-backer. Giants team owner WELLINGTON MARA is asking for NFL rule changes that will allow his team to play some games by mail next season....

And tennis great BIG BILL TILDEN will come back from the dead and bash JOHN McENROE over the head with a golf club....

BACK ISSUES

Please indicate number of copies in appropriate box.

- OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES? With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album
- DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER: With Son-o-God comics = 2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement
- MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin
- SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With Life parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, White dove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre* Magazine, and Military Trading Cards
- AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE: With Agnew's A Very Sizable Advance, *Seed* Magazine, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster = 7, and True Menu
- SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexciting Stories, *Rodriguez' Senior Sex*, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and *Battari Comics*
- NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS: With The Rocketeer Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down
- JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE: With *Negligent Mother* Magazine, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades Massacre
- MAY, 1975/MEDICINE: With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, *Rodriguez' Comedics*, and *Our Wonderful Bodies*
- AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With the Rockefeller Attica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest* Magazine, Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court
- SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE: With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Plays, and the *Esquire* parody
- DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY: With The Great Price War, *Entrepreneurs*, and a *Fortune* parody

- APRIL, 1976/SPORTS: With Dogfishing, *Silver Jack*, The Glory of Their Hindsight, the U.S. Olympic Handbook, and The Puck Stops Here
- SEPTEMBER, 1976/THE LATEST ISSUE: With a complete list of Bad Words, Western Romance Part Three, *Brave Dog* Magazine, and the return of both Uncle Buckle and cat hammerer
- OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES: With a four-page, full color Nuts, the Aesop Brothers on honeymoon, Verlan, Sherman the Tank, Ockl Bodkins, and dozens of other comics and cartoons
- NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE: Is Democracy fixed? The complete story of the Townville campaign, starring Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption, and natural gas
- JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE: With Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, sight gags, comics, and the *Scientific American* parody
- FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE: With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), the Village Voice parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial

NATIONAL LAMPOON

Dept. NL 1279 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

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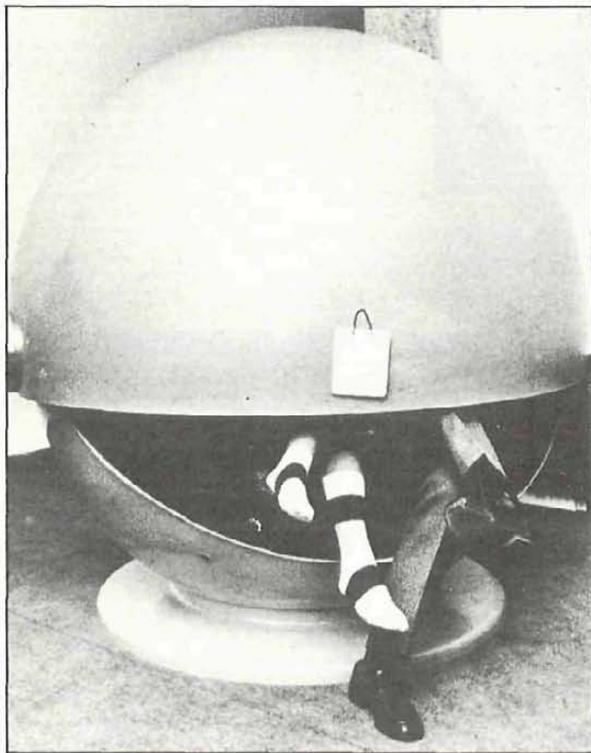
- APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV: With T-Bird and Monza, *TV Magazine*, Monday Night Sleep, PBS *Concordance*, and *Death's Dumpster*
- JUNE, 1977/CAREERS: With mercenaries, wetbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's get-rich tips, and Sam Gross
- JULY, 1977/SEX: With the inevitable *Hite Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, skin books, stroke mags, and the Last True-Life Western Romance
- SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP: With the health facts, insurance madness, Gidget Goes Senile, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's Grown-ups Can Do Anything
- OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES: With *Mersey Moptop Fave*, *rave Fabgearbeat* Magazine, Beat the Meattles, the unreleased albums of John, George, Ringo, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCarney autopsy report
- NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES: With Best Medical Figa Market, Busting Out of Suburbia, Organic Backlash, White Rastafarians, and Best Negroes in New York
- DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER: With the death of Santa Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards, presents, and the Texas Supplement
- JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY: With the Socratic Monologue, Sex in Ancient China, the Crellins, and the 6 DLunders of the Ancient World
- FEBRUARY, 1978/SPRING FASCISM PREVIEW: With *National Socialist Review*, the Toronto Supplement, Euro-nazis, The Real Adolf Hitler, and Fascist Food
- MARCH, 1978/CRIME AND PUNISHMENT: With Short Hairs, the History of Crime in the Cinema, the Maltese Canary, *Promissus*, Crimes, and Just Deserts
- APRIL, 1978/SPRING CLEANING: With the Birds of Ireland, the New York Supplement, four-color comics by Rodriguez, Wilson, Flenniken, and Browne, and the Autorama



Tokyo, Japan Members of the Minimura milk spilling team practice under the watchful eyes of coach Kon Tichikama. Milk is as cheap as water in Japan, and the sport has become almost as popular as baseball and Pachinko. Milk spilling cheerleaders (not shown) cry rather than cheer for their teams.



Winston-Salem, North Carolina Jesse P. Grover, vice-president of research and development for one of the country's major tobacco companies, introduces his newest invention, tobacco-leaf chairs. The chairs are made of a new hybrid leaf that proved to be too hard for use in cigarettes. Hundreds of the leaves are laminated together to make these free-form chairs, which can be left in their natural state or upholstered in fabric.



Hong Kong, China The Neiko Corporation, a Swedish conglomerate with companies in Japan, introduces the "world's smallest hotel room," a complete live-in dome measuring twelve feet in diameter. The dome is designed for lower-income families who cannot afford a regular hotel room and do not mind living right on the street. It comes complete with a Do Not Disturb sign in four languages.



Darien, Connecticut Nine-year-old Melissa Mulford puts the finishing touches on a fifty-thousand-dollar Christmas tree made of white mink skins. The fur "tree" was made for her father, a millionaire, as a Christmas gift to her mother. It contains sixty-seven white mink skins, enough to be made into a fur jacket.



**When your taste grows up,
Winston out-tastes them all.**

Only Winston's Sun-Rich™ Blend
of the choicest, richest tobaccos
tastes this full and satisfying.
Winston after Winston.

BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, KING: 20 mg. "tar",
1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Technics SILVER EDITION

With some cassette decks you can start off with impressive performance and impressive features, and end up with recordings that are far from impressive. Because to make an accurate recording, you need accurate meters.

And that's just what you get with Technics RS-M11, RS-M18 and RS-M22. Because all three cassette decks have the same fluorescent (FL) bar-graph meters you'll find in our most expensive cassette decks. And that means you can make recordings that are full of dynamic range. Not noise and distortion.

The reasons: The accuracy of our FL meters. They're completely electronic and extremely fast. So fast they have a device attack time of just five millionths of a second. What it all adds up to is a 0 VU level deviation of no more than 0.1 dB. So what you see on the meters, you'll hear on the tape.

Model	Wow and Flutter	Frequency Response	S/N
RS-M11	0.07% (WRMS)	30-15kHz(FeCr/CrO ₂)	66 dB Dolby in
RS-M18	0.06% (WRMS)	30-16kHz(FeCr/CrO ₂)	66 dB Dolby in
RS-M22	0.05% (WRMS)	30-16kHz(FeCr/CrO ₂)	67 dB Dolby in

And what you'll hear, you'll like. You'll like our LF record/playback head and low-noise, high-linearity equalizer amp. Together they deliver a frequency response that's flat and wide. You'll also like Dolby* NR because it reduces something you don't like: Tape hiss.

But tape hiss is only one thing you don't want to hear. Wow and flutter is another. And since all three decks have electronically controlled DC motors, they also have inaudible wow and flutter.

All three decks have full auto-stop and three-position tape selectors, while the RS-M18 and RS-M22 add separate three-position bias and EQ selectors, rewind auto-play and cue and review.

Technics RS-M11, RS-M18 and RS-M22. All with performance worthy of our most accurate meters.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

Why three of our most inexpensive decks have our most accurate meters.

